

24
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Angli.
Inclinetur.
Jan 29. Nov. 1788.

Rich^d. A. Beauchamp.

from A. J. L.

Feb. 1783.

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Explanation of the
Marks before the Songs
in the Index

- * Either beautifull, pathetic, or
elegant.
- o. Comic, Witty, or Satirical.
- ∫. Indecent, Low, or Vulgar.
- ∅. National.

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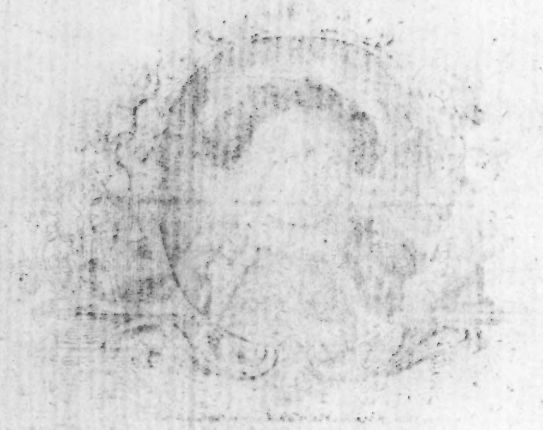
YOUNG.



L O N D O N:

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P R E F A C E.

WITHOUT entering into a learned disquisition upon Music, the Editor of this performance thinks it incumbent on him to give some reasons for laying this collection at present before the Public, at a time that Song Books in general are held in but small esteem; as there are more bad compilations of the kind than there are good voices.

Few, if any, publications of this nature, extant, appear to have fallen to the lot of persons in the least acquainted with the business they engaged in: a promiscuous jumble, without choice or selection, to fill a certain

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number of pages, seems to have been the only object they have hitherto had in view; and whilst in general they excluded decency, they also laid aside taste and judgment.

Amongst all the various Song Books that have fallen under our inspection, we have not met with one but what has been totally defective as to consistency; and in blending a strange assemblage of airs together, thereby endeavouring to suit every taste, they absolutely suit none.

The errors of our predecessors have served us as beacons to avoid those shoals on which they have split; and, by steering a different course, we hope to meet a different fate. To this end, it was judged necessary to cull a Collection of Songs that were not incongruous, and which might come under the denomination of the social and convivial; and in the pursuit of this task we have had recourse, at some expence, to all the English Song Books, ancient and modern, published in the three kingdoms, that might furnish any materials for the accomplishment of our plan.

In the prosecution of our design, we have also had an eye to decency and decorum, which

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which should never be entirely banished from the most jovial company; and though we should be very sorry that the spirits of the purchaser should flag, or that he should be any way disappointed, the only consolation we can give him, if he should expect more luscious harmony than we propose introducing, is, that some situations are much better conceived than described.

In the course of our task we had, doubtless, much more to reject than adopt, having preserved none but what were either elegant in themselves, or admired for their music. Those of modern date are selected from the most approved English poets and composers. The stage has, in this respect, been our greatest source; as our Operas and Masques have of late excelled any foreign productions of the kind. Nor have the favourite airs sung at the Public Gardens escaped our attention. A great number are also new, having never before appeared in print, interspersed in the work without order or connection; and others are corrected from the errors of spurious publications, with additions not to be met with in any other book. No pains have been spared to render this publication as complete as possible, and it

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was therefore judged, that a Collection of Toasts, Sentiments, and Hob-Nobs, suited to all tastes, and fit for all companies, would be no improper supplement.

If we have improved upon the plans of our predecessors, by a more judicious selection of our materials; if we have been able to furnish some novelty to gratify the curiosity of the reader; if the Bon Vivant and the Choice Spirit will testify their applause by the exertion of their risible muscles, we shall think our assiduity and attention fully recompensed, and that the Public in general will not be displeased with the produce of our labours.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

SONG 1. In the SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, Sir;
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here is to her that's but one, Sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

A

Here's

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's as brown as a berry;
 And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And here's to the girl that is merry.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
 Young, or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

SONG 2. In the WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
 Who at Black-friars bridge us'd for to ply?
 He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
 Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:
 He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,
 The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily;
 And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
 'Twas clean'd out so neat, and so painted withal!
 He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies,
 In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
 And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering;
 For loving, or liking, he little did care,
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;
 As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
 He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
 That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.
 And

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow :
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare ?

SONG 3. GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

An Irish Air.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one ev'ning in
May,
The little birds, in blytheft notes, made vocal ev'ry lay :
They sung their little tales of love, they sung them o'er
and o'er.

Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore !

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets the dawn of nature
yields,

The primrose pale, and vi'let blue, lay scatter'd o'er the
fields;

Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel Molly's
hate;

How can she break the honest heart that wears her in it's
core ?

Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear : Ah! why did I
believe ?

Yet who could think such tender words were meant but to
deceive ?

That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, Heav'n could
give no more.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

O! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
 Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon green pasture fill;
 With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves, above my head, sat courting on a bough,
 I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and coo;
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now, alas! 'tis o'er.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall mourn;
 While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for thee alone;
 Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its choicest blessings pour.
 Ah! gramachree, ma colleenouge, ma Molly ashore!

SONG 4.

COME, thou rosy dimpled boy,
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy;
 Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,
 Paphos, and the Cyprian isle;
 Visit Britain's rocky shore,
 Britons, too, thy pow'r adore;
 Britons, hardy, bold and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee:
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Come, thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
 This is thine and Hymen's day;

Bid

[5]

Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
 Bid her for love's rights prepare ;
 Let the nymphs, with many a flow'r,
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r,
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen, too, be there :
 This is thine and Hymen's day ;
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live,
 Love alone can pleasure give ;
 Pow'r, and pomp, and tinsel state,
 Idle pageants of the great ;
 Crowns and sceptres, envy'd things,
 And the pride of Eastern kings,
 Are but childish, empty toys,
 When compar'd to love's sweet joys.
 Love alone can pleasure give ;
 Only while we love we live.

SONG 5. In the DUENNA.

HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you :
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong :
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the yong.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

A 3

Then

[6]

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong :
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

SONG 6. In the DUENNA.

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said,
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou would'st not lose Anthonio's love,
To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind !
And by that hand I press'd to mine !
To gain a subject nation's love,
I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy !
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

SONG 7. In the PADLOCK.

SAY, little foolish, flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah ! whither would you wing
Your airy flight ?
Stay here and sing,
Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go!
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy as with me?

S O N G 8.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of ev'ry shady grove
Upon the banks of Banna.
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone
For ever, and for ever.

S O N G 9. In the QUAKER.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily ah!
Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along;
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
Thou and I will be first in the throng.
While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won the dow'r,
With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When

When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each bower,
 And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
 While the lads &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can blame?
 'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free;
 And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,
 Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
 While the lads, &c.

SONG 10. The TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES, surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth;
 But growing as poor as a Job,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask,

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
 A bumper to cherish his heart,
 And when he was maudlin would cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart;
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at men's folly and vice;
 'Twas only his custom to drink,
 'Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes,

Democritus always was glad
 To tipple and cherish his soul;
 Would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing bowl;
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff;
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At them that were sober he'd laugh,

Wife

Wife Solon, who carefully gave
 Good laws unto Athens of old,
 And thought the rich Cræsus a slave
 (Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;
 He delighted in plentiful bowls,
 But drinking much talk would decline,
 Because 'twas the custom of fools,
 To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
 'Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
 Who in's cups to the oracles went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
 Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
 Made wine the delight of his life,
 Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
 Which he drank like a miser at home;
 And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,
 To the last, (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin
 On his pupils who wisdom would seek;
 Because he tippled good wine
 'Till himself was unable to speak;
 And when he was whimsical grown
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine ;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel ;
 Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine,
 And what we ascribe to his parts
 Is due to the juice of the vine ;
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was as big as a watering-trough ;
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho has taken a glass,
 He saw that no object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was
 Before he had liquor'd his beard :
 For things running round in his drink,
 Which sober he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the sceptic to think
 There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
 He fondly to wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SONG II. DOWN THE BURN DAVY, LOVE.

A favourite Scotch Song, sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free:
Gang down the burn Davy, love,
And I will follow thee.

Now Davy did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride:
Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her een was bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew;
Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
Strait to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her;
No more aſham'd to own her love,
Or ſpeak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn Davy, love,
And I will follow thee.

SONG

SONG 12. FEMALE LIBERTY REGAIN'D.

A favourite Song. Sung by Mr. VERNON at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. BREWSTER.

TH O' man has long boasted an absolute sway,
While woman's hard fate was love, honour, obey ;
At length over wedlock fair liberty dawns,
And the lords of creation must pull in their horns ;
For Hymen among ye proclaims his decree,
When husband's are tyrants, their wives will be free.

Away with your doubts, your fumes, and fears,
'Tis Venus beats up for her gay volunteers ;
Enlist at her banner, you'll vanquish with ease,
And make of your husbands what creatures you please :
To arms then, ye fair ones, and let the world see,
When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

The rights of your sex wou'd you e'er see restor'd,
Your tongues shou'd be us'd as a two-edged sword ;
That ear-piercing weapon each husband must dread,
Who thinks on the marks you may place on his head :
Then wisely unite, till the men all agree,
That woman, dear woman, shall ever be free.

No more shall the wife, all meek as a lamb,
Be subject to, Zounds, do you know who I am ;
Domestic politeness shall flourish again,
When women take courage to govern the men ;
Then stand to your charter, and let the world see,
Tho' husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

SONG 13. DAMON and FLORELLA.

A Dialogue. Sung in the SORCERER.

He. CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
 See the sportive lambkins play;
 Nature gaily decks the ground,
 All in honour of the May:
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

She. Damon, thou hast found me long
 List'ning to thy soothing tale,
 And thy soft persuasive tongue
 Often held me in the dale:
 Take, oh! Damon, while I live,
 All which virtue ought to give.

He. Not the verdure of the grove,
 Not the garden's fairest flow'r,
 Nor the meads, where lover's rove,
 Tempted by the vernal hour,
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,
 If Florella is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,
 By the bank with poplars crown'd,
 Not the feather'd songsters all,
 Nor the flute's melodious sound,
 Can delight Florella's ear,
 If her Damon is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live,
 Like the chearful season gay,
 Banish care, and let us give
 Tribute to the fragrant May:
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

B

SONG

SONG 14. Music by Mr. BACH.

Sung by Mrs. WEICHSSELL at Vauxhall.

BY my sighs you may discover,
What soft wishes touch my heart ;
Eyes can speak, and tell the lover
What the tongue must not impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
Thoughts your breast may disapprove ;
But 'tis hard and past concealing,
When we truly fondly love.

SONG 15. SOGER LADDIE.

Sung by Miss HARPER at Marybone Gardens.

Set by Mr. THEODORE SMITH.

MY soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me ;
And when he comes home he'll make me a lady,
My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave ;
True to his country, to love he is steady,
There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms ;
Syne frae all my care he'll presently frae me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his due ;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

SONG

SONG 16. A Scotch Song.

Musie by Mr. FISHER. Sung by Miss COWPER at
Vauxhall.

THE lowland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy ;
How much unlike the graceful mein ;
And manly looks of my highland laddie.
O my bonny highland laddie ;
My handsome charming highland laddie ;
May heav'n still guard, and love reward,
The lowland lass and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest lowland lady ;
I d take young Donald in his trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

No greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady ;
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heav'n preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

SONG 17. WINTER.

A Pastoral Ballad.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauties have lost ;
When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost :
While the peasant, inactive, stands shivering with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow ;
And the innocent flocks run for ease to their fold,
With their faces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw;
 And they send forth their breath like a steam;
 And the neat looking dairy maid sees she must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream :
 When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips, often slides ;
 And the rustics laugh loud, if, by falling, she shews
 All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses, for company join'd,
 In a croud round the embers are met;
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts 'till they're all in a sweat :
 When the birds to the barn come hovering for food,
 Or they silently sit on the spray ;
 And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,
 Left her footsteps her course should betray.

Heav'n grant in this season it may prove my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,
 While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire !
 Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,
 We may live, and no hardships endure ;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

SONG 18. The SKY-LARK.

By Mr. SHENSTONE.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way;
 And there on quivering pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.

And

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG 19. From SHAKESPEARE'S CYMBELINE.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

I.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids, and village linds, shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

IV.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

V.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

SONG 21. To SYLVIA.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim;
He feels the passion, void of art,
The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,
Their sensual love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous shell,
But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
Destroys the transient fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets desire.

By

By age your beauty will decay,
Your mind improves with years;
As when the blossoms fade away,
The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
And bless the future hour,
That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
May gather ev'ry flow'r!

SONG 21. The GIFT: To IRIS.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty.
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who flights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give——and let 'em:
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them——when I get 'em.

I'll give——but not the full blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd passions but disclose
A transitory passion:

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee——Ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee——to the devil.

SONG

SONG 22. By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

AS landlady Dobbins, a Whitfieldite pure,
At meeting one Sunday delay'd,
Coming home unexpected she caught on the floor
Her tapster with Dolly the maid :

She flew to the ladle, the poker, the spit;
But at last she began to proceed,
Sure Satan himself of the bottomless pit
Will avenge such a damnable deed.

Pack off, thou damn'd dog, or I'll give thee a dounce,
Avaunt with thy Babylon whore ;
What, when I have twenty good beds in my house,
To do such a thing on the floor !

SONG 6. A Description of BARTHOLOMEW FAIR
in LONDON. By G. A. STEVENS.

WHILE gentlefolks strut in their silver and fat-
tins,
We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and pattens ;
Yet as merrily old English ballads can sing o,
As they at their opperores outlandish ling-o ;
Calling out, bravo, ankcoro, and caro,
Thof I will sing nothing but Bartlemew fair-o.

Here was, first of all, crowds against other crowds
driving,
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving ;
Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and shriek-
ing,
Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow-girls
squeaking,

Come

Come my rare round and found, here's choice of fine
ware-o;

Though all was not found sold at Bartlemew fair-o.

There was drolls, hornpipe dancing, and showing of
postures,
With frying black puddings, and op'ning of oysters;
With salt-boxes solos, and gallery folks squawling;
The tap-house guests roaring, and mouth-pieces bawling.

Pimps, pawnbrokers, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,
Bawds, bailiffs, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers and
taylors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gun-powder plot,
Sir,

With beasts all alive, and pease-porridge all hot, Sir;
Fine sausages fry'd, and the black on the wire;
The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.
Here's the up and downs; who'll take a seat in the
chair-o;

Though there's more up-and-downs than at Bartlemew
fair-o.

Here's Wittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,
The chaise without horses, and queen of Hungary:
Here's the merry-go-rounds, come who rides, come who
rides, Sir?

Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fine eating besides, Sir;
The fam'd learn'd dog that can tell all his letters,
And some men, as scholars, are not much his betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong
gay things;
Our parsons, like children, are tempted by play-
things;

By sound and by show, by trash and trumpery,
The fa'-lals of fashion, and Frenchify'd frumpery.

What

What is life but a droll, rather wretched than rare-o?
And thus ends the ballad of Bartlemew fair-o.

SONG 24. The HONEST FELLOW.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

PHO! pox of this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chlœ no more;
Their face, and their air, and their mien, what a rout?
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about,
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape:
But we, honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?
Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows;
Our joys it increaseth, and lightens our woes;
Remember what toppers of old use to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king,
The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;
Anacreon's cases see, page twenty-six;
The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul;
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl,
Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a song and a laugh?
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff;
May mirth and good fellowship always abound,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG

SONG 25. By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;
Poet Laureat.

IN story we're told
How our monarchs of old
O'er France spread their royal domain;
But no annals can shew
Their pride laid so low
As when brave George the Second did reign, brave
boys!
As when brave George the Second did reign.

Of Roman and Greek
Let fame no more speak,
How their arms the old world did subdue;
'Thro' the nations around
Let our trumpets now sound,
How Britons have conquer'd the new, brave boys!
How Britons have conquer'd the new.

East, west, north, and south,
Our cannon's loud mouth
Shall the right of our monarch maintain:
On America's strand
Amherst limits the land,
Boscawen gave law on the main, brave boys!
Boscawen gave law on the main.

Each port and each town
We still make our own;
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,
Guadeloupe, Senegal,
Quebec's mighty fall,
Shall prove we've no equal in war, brave boys!
Shall prove we've no equal in war.

Though Conflans did boast,
He'd conquer our coast,

Our

Our thunder soon made monsieur mute:
 Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
 Then pounc'd on his prey,
 And gave him an English salute, brave boys!
 And gave him an English salute.

At Minden you know
 How we conquer'd the foe,
 While homeward their army now steals;
 Tho' they cry'd British bands
 Are too hard for our hands,
 Begar we can beat them in heels, Morbleu!
 Begar we can beat them in heels.

While our heroes from home
 For laurels now roam,
 Should their flat-bottom'd boats but appear;
 Our militia shall shew
 No wooden shoe foe
 Can with freemen in battle compare, brave boys!
 Can with freemen in battle compare.

Our fortunes and lives,
 Our children and wives,
 To defend is the time now or never;
 Then let each volunteer
 To the drum head repair;
 King George and Old England for ever, brave boys!
 King George and Old England for ever.

S O N G 26.

AS Colin rang'd early one morning in spring,
 To hear the wood choristers warble and sing,
 Young Phæbe he saw supinely was laid;
 And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid:

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count;
 Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
 To live to these years, and yet still be a maid?

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,
 Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me;
 Of prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,
 Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a maid?

Ye counsellors sage, who with eloquent tongue
 Can do what you please, both with right and with wrong;
 Can it be by law or by equity said
 That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
 Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill;
 To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
 Who is sick, very sick, o. remaining a maid.

Ye fops, I invoke not to list to my song,
 Who answer no end, and to no sex belong;
 Ye echo of echo's, and shadows of shade,
 For if I had you, I might still be a maid.

Poor Colin was melted to hear her complain,
 Then whisper'd relief like a kind-hearted swain;
 And Phæbe well pleas'd is no longer afraid
 Of being neglected, and dying a maid.

SONG 27. In the JOVIAL CREW.

I Made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for the
 Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me:
 I met her on the green in her best array,
 So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away;

Oh then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to
blame?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
same.

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,

Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate;

But then I laugh'd, and swore I lov'd her more than
so,

For ty'd each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging to and fro:

Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to
blame?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
same.

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was wond'rous sick,

Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick;

Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder oak,

Katy lost the game, though she play'd in joke;

For there we did, alas! what I dare not name,

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
same.

SONG 28. STICK A PIN THERE.

WHEN tutor'd by mother, she oftentimes said,
There's money bid for thee, girl, hold up thy
head;

She laid out my work with a housewifely care,
And making a mark, bid me stick a pin there.

The humour so pleas'd me, however absurd,
That, in spite of my teeth, it became a cant word;
And once, when the parson had ended his pray'r,
I could not help calling out, stick a pin there.

He

He came to my mother, and loudly complain'd;
His pardon I ask'd, but my sorrow was feign'd;
And before he could clap his fat bum in the chair,
I slyly stoop'd down, and did stick a pin there.

I met my dear Jack in a field of new hay,
He kiss'd me, and teas'd me with amorous play;
A green gown he gave me, and swore it was fair:
Hold, sirrah, said I, would you stick a pin there?

He often attempted to rattle my charms,
As often I push'd the dear youth from my arms;
But sooner or later he'll baffle my care,
For Jack is the lad ——— but stick a pin there.

SONG 29. ORPHEUS and EURIDICE.

By Mr. LISLE

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as hold histories shew,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell stood amaz'd, that a person so wise
Should so rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far, but how vast the surprize!
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to the fault,
Old Pluto long puzzl'd his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again, in reward for his art:
Such power had music in hell!

C 2.

SONG

SONG 30. FAIR HEBE.

FAIR Hebe I left with with a cautious design,
To escape from her charms, and to drown 'em in
wine :

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.
I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd in return to my pray'r,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your counsel to find out a fault ;
If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.
What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
While like light'ning she darts thro' each throbbing vein,
My senses surpriz'd in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

SONG 31.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year ;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;
For who are so free as we sons of the waves ?

CHORUS.

*Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady ;
We'll fight and we'll conquer, again and again.*

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay ;
They never see us, but they wish us away ;

If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, our children and beaus.
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
sweat,
In spite of the devil, and Brussels gazette;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

SONG 32.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Celia to sing,
For emblems of beauty I search'd through the
spring;

To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid,
But flowers, tho' blooming, at evening may fade:
Of sunshine and breezes, I next thought to write,
Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright;
But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,
For sun sets at night, and the breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue
While the sun-beams behind them peep'd glittering
thro';

Tho' to rival her charms can they never arise,
Yet methought they look'd something like Celia's sweet
eyes.

These beauties are transient, but Celia's will last,
When spring, and when summer, and autumn are past;
For sense and good humour, no season disarms,
And the soul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length on a fruit-tree, a blossom I found,
 Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance around,
 I then thought the Muses had smil'd on my prayer,
 'This blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair;
 These colours so gay, and united so well,
 This delicate feature, and ravishing smell,
 Be her person's dear emblem; but where shall I find
 In nature a beauty that equals her mind?

This blossom now pleasing, at summer's gay call
 Must languish at first, and must afterward, fall;
 But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
 By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise:
 So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
 By her virtues improv'd shall engage me the more;
 Shall recal ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,
 When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

SONG 33. Sung by PHELM O'BLUNDER, in
 the DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

DEAR Molly, I love you, I hope there's no harm
 in that;
 For you are so sprightly, and witty, and charming, that
 Whenever I see you my heart it goes pit-a-pat,
 And I'm grown lean and dry, who was once sleek and
 fat

Save me, save me, dear Molly, save me,
 Or I will hang myself, if you'll not have me.

I'm grown a mere sloven, who once was a flirting-
 fop;
 My fine coal black hair is chang'd to a dirty mop;
 My face is grown parch'd, like an over-done mutton
 chop,
 That can of gravy not yield you a single drop.
 Gravy,

Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy,
E'en just as brown and dry looks your poor Davy.

When first I was ask'd to drink tea with my Molly
 dear,
I put on my Kerry-stone buckles and solitaire,
I sent for the barber, and cry'd, "Shave me, do you
 hear,
And I'll give you six-pence, to drink out in ale and beer.
Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me ;
Make me look spruce and fine, then Molly'll have me."

Then straight to the place of appointment I hurry'd me,
Where her bright eyes and sweet looks they so worry'd
 me,
That from that moment I thought of no other she,
And now most humbly I crave you my bride to be.
Crave you, crave you—Oh ! how I crave you,
For my bride, from this hour, dear Molly I crave you.

Then if you'll consent, you sweet little knave you,
I will your husband be, and never leave you ;
My surname is Drope, and my Christian name's Davy,
And when we are married we'll go to Glenavy,
'Navy, 'Navy, go to Glenavy ;
Then who'll be so happy as Molly and Davy ?

SONG 34. IN THE DEVIL TO PAY.

Tune, Charles of Sweden.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure :
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure :

Fill

Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul
May drink and sing without controul,
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our pleasure,
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleasure;
And as the hours glide away.
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

SONG 35. In the DEVIL TO PAY.

YE gods, ye gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her:
But if your providence divine
For greater bliss design her;
To obey your will at any time,
I am ready to resign her.

SONG 36. COLIN's Complaint. ROWE.

An ancient Ballad, new set by Dr. ARNE.

DEspairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head;
The wind that blew over the plain
To his sighs with a sigh did reply,
And the brook in return to his pain
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas

Alas! silly swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd;
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue,
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe,
 She could doat on so lowly a clown?
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folks of the town:
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove,
 To go clad like our maidens in grey,
 And live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd?
 What tho' when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around?
 Ah! Colin thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid:
 If thro' the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas her's to be false, and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground;
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

SONG 37. The VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

IT is, I believe,
 Next Hollandtide eve,
 A twelvemonth since first I began
 To hold up my head,
 In love to be read,
 And to construe the looks of a man.

Young Damon I saw,
 He kiss'd me, oh la;
 I vow thro' my bosom it ran;
 My lips he so prest,
 'Tis true I protest,
 I thought him a deuce of a man.

Philander the gay
 I met at the play,

My

My heart beat a furious ratan;
Because you must know
I some time ago
Had hopes of his being the man.

Brisk Strephon came next,
But then I was vext,
He play'd with Miss Phillis's fan;
I own, to be sure,
I could not endure
To see myself robb'd of a man.

My mother and aunts,
Still watching my haunts,
Obstruct me as much as they can;
But what do I care?
I vow and declare,
I'll fit myself soon with a man.

SONG 38. IN THE DEVIL TO PAY.

Tune, Of all comforts I miscarried.

OF all states in life so various,
Marriage sure is most precarious;
'Tis a maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new mazes finding;
'Tis an action so severe,
That nought but death can set us clear;
Happy's the man from wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his liberty;
Were men men wary
How they marry,
We should not be half so full of misery.

SONG

SONG 39. Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Sung in The Way to keep him.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your
eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command,
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind,
'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve.
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

SONG 40. HEAVY HOURS

By Lord LYTTLETON.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same,
And heal each idly anxious care,
Our fears in absence frame?
Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When we shall shortly meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time the cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;
All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join.
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think thee mine.

SONG 41. The ATTIC FIRE.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled
And all the Roman virtue dead,
Poor Freedom lost her seat;
The Gothic mantle spread a night
That damp'd fair virtue's fading light,
The muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander, what new shore
Has yet a laurel left in store?
To this blest isle they steer;
Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
Soon Virtue's sacred form appear'd,
And Freedom soon was here.

D

The

The lazy monk has left his cell,
 Religion rings her hallow'd bell,
 She calls thee now by me:
 Hark! her sweet voice all plaintive sounds,
 See, she receives a thousand wounds,
 If shielded not by thee.

SONG 42. The YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

The last verse of this Song is not to be met with in any other late Collection of Songs.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wild and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees
 grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn;
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvens and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung; tho' young Maya be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a proud scornful air;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
 But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
 dow'r
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four:
 Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
 The witty, sweet Susie his mistress might be.

SONG

SONG 43. In THOMAS AND SALLY.

Sung by a Country 'Squire.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,
 How sweet with the bottle and lass to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day !
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy :
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

SONG 44. In THOMAS AND SALLY,

Sung by a 'Squire.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain
 From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally ;
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange ! no longer seek to roam,
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy :
 Can love with ruin tally ?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally

Can the weak taper's feeble rays,
 Or lamps transmit the sun's bright blaze?
 Oh! no——then say how shall I
 In words be able to express
 My love?——it burns to such excess,
 I almost die for Sally.

Come then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
 Than jessamine and roses are,
 Or lilies of the valley;
 O follow, love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally.

SONG 45. Wrote for a Club in DUBLIN.

TH O' sages have wrangled with envy and strife,
 Concerning the true summum bonum of life;
 Their phlegmatic precepts we justly despise,
 For 'tis wine makes us happy, rich, virtuous, and wise.

With morals severe, let the musty divine
 Charge riots and rapes to excesses in wine;
 His argument's false, tho' with rhetoric grac'd,
 For after six bottles we're quiet and chaste.

From the roaring of cannon and bursting of bombs,
 And from beating the French the bold myrmidon
 comes;
 With bumpers thus charg'd, this stout Hector may see
 We could tumble the Monsieurs much faster than he.

The grave, sober cit, who but sips at his glass,
 Can be deem'd nothing less than a cheat and an ass:
 When you see him leave heel-taps, take care of your
 self,
 For he'll surely cheat other, who cozens himself.

Let

Let the star-gazing tribe of astronomers trace
The motions of worlds, thro' the regions of space;
Send the wine brisk about, and 'twill quickly be
found,
That the bottle will shew how the planets move round..

The youth who's enamour'd of female false charms;
Who conquers, to die in his mistresses arms;
How fleeting his bliss! how uncertain his joy;
But the glass gives us kisses that never will cloy.

Let the learned, grave, wise, academical fools,
Go puzzle their pates with the trash of the schools;
Has learning or study our pleasure to boast?
A pox on all study——except for a toast.

Here our pleasures begin, and inquietude cease;
We enjoy, amidst war, the sweet blessings of peace,
And whate'er the wise sons of Hippocrates think,
We never can die, whilst we're able to drink.

S O N G. 46.

ON the white cliffs of Albion, see Fame where she
stands,
Her shrill swelling notes reach the neighbouring lands;
Of the natives freeborn, and their conquests she sings;
The happiest of men with the greatest of kings.

GEORGE the third she proclaims, his vast glory
repeats,
His undismay'd legions, invincible fleets,
Whom nor castles or rocks can from honour retard,
Since e'en death for their king they with scorn disre-
gard.

D 3

©! but

O! but see a cloud bursts and an angel appears!
 'Tis Peace, lovely virgin, dissolved in tears!
 " Say, Fame, (cry'd the maid) is't not time to give
 " o'er,
 " With sieges and famine, explosions and gore."

His just right to assert hath the king amply try'd,
 Nor his wisdom or strength can opponents abide;
 Than no longer in rage let dread thunders be hurl'd,
 But leave him to me, and give peace to the world.

'Tis done, and great GEORGE is to mercy inclin'd,
 The blest word is gone forth for the good of mankind;
 'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to spare,
 And our king is a Briton—deny it who dare.

(To Hodgson and Kepple let bumpers next smile,
 And to all our brave troops who have taken Belleisle;
 May they meet just reward, and with courage advance,
 Still to humble the pride and the power of France.)

Charge your glasses lip high, and drink health to the
 king,
 To the duke and the princess, and make the air ring;
 May the days of great GEORGE be all happy and long;
 And the † man still be right who yet never was wrong.

N. B. The sixth verse spoken extempore by another
 person, on the taking of Belleisle.

† Mr. Secretary PITT.

SONG 47. LAZY JOHNNY,

W HERE's my swain, so blythe and clever?
 Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow;
 Three whole days are gone for ever.
 Since you said you'd come to morrow

If you lov'd but half as I do,
 You'd been here with looks so bonny :
 Love has flying wings, I well know,
 Not for ling'ring lazy Johnny.

What can he be now a doing !
 Is he with the lasses Maying ?
 He had better here be wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing.
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow ;
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
 Let her be the happy creature,
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a feature,
 But I can't nor will not tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow,
 I may lose the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me,
 If I'm yours, away no longer :
 If you wout, another'll have me,
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.
 If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
 Whine not in despair and sorrow,
 Bless'd another lad may make ye ;
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

SONG 48. FRIENDSHIP. By Mr. POPE.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And Friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet ;
 How strange does it seem that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found.

O Friend-

O Friendship! thou balm and rich sweetner of life,
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusions, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend!
 Our joys when extended will always encrease,
 And griefs when divided are hush'd into peace:
 When fortune is smiling what crouds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG 49. CHAISE MARINE, by an Officer.

MY dearest life, were you my wife,
 How happy should I be;
 And all my care, in peace and war,
 Should be to pleasure thee;
 When up and down, from town to town,
 We jolly soldiers rove,
 Then you, my queen, in Chaise Marine,
 Should move like queen of love.

Your love I prize beyond the skies,
 Beyond the spoils of war,
 Would'st thou agree to follow me
 In humble baggage car;
 For happiness, tho' in distress,
 In soldiers wives is seen,
 And pride in coach has more reproach
 Than love in Chaise Marine.

Oh! do not hold your love in gold;
 Nor set your heart on gain;
 Behold the great with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain:

In house or tent I pay no rent,
Nor care nor trouble see,
And ev'ry day I get my pay,
And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,
Who lead ignoble lives,
Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
Who fight none but their wives :
For Britain's right and you we fight,
And ev'ry ill defy,
Should but the fair reward our care
With love and constancy.

If sighs nor groans, nor tender moans,
Can't win your harden'd heart,
Let love in arms, with all his charms,
Then take a soldier's part :
With fife and drum the soldiers come,
And all the pomp of war,
Then don't think mean of Chaise Marine,
'Tis love's triumphant car.

SONG 50. The NUN.

SURE a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen
Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been ;
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
But mother oft tells me, she'll have me a nun.
But mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I
Shou'd be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry ;
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun.

To

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better, to me, I declare;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone;
Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh I never can bear!
Nor yield to be sent to —— one cannot tell where;
To live or to die in this case were all one;
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps but to tease me, she threatens me so,
I'm sure were she me, she would stoutly say no:
But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a nun.

SONG 51. CHLOE'S KISSES.

By Sir CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?
I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then prithee, dear Chloe be kind;
For since I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flowers that enamel the fields;
Count the flocks that on Tempè are straying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
Count how many stars are in heaven,
Go number the sands on the shore,
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine:
 What joy can be greater than this is!
 My life on thy lips shall be spent:
 But the wretch who can number his kisses
 Will always with few be content.

SONG 52.

WHEN snow descends, and robes the fields
 In winter's bright array;
 Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
 And weeps itself away.
 When spring appears, when vi'lets blow,
 And shed a rich perfume;
 How soon the fragrance breathes it last!
 How short-liv'd is the bloom!

Fresh in the morn, the summer rose
 Hangs wither'd ere 'tis noon;
 We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
 But mourn the pleasure gone.
 With gilding fire the evening star
 Streaks the autumnal skies;
 Shook from his seat, it darts away,
 And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheeks,
 And sparkle in the eye;
 So from the lively finish'd form
 The transient graces fly.
 To this the seasons as they roll,
 Their attestations bring;
 They warm the fair, their ev'ry round
 Confirms the truth I sing.

SONG

SONG 53. The FEMALE PHAETON.

Written by MATT. PRIOR, Esq;

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd :
 Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd ;
 And forely vex'd to play the saint,
 Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

Must lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins ?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens ?
 What has she better, pray, than I ?
 What hidden charms to boast ?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast.

Dearest mamma, for once let me
 Unchain'd my fortune try !
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.
 Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way,
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

SONG 54. The DUST-CART.

A favourite CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS tinkering Tom the streets his trade did cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by ;
 In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist ;

Tom with uplifted hands th' occasion blest'd,
And thus in soothing strains the maid address'd.

A I R.

O Sylvia! while you drive your carts,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
You take our dust, and steal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you.
And dwells among the dust with you.

O lovely Sylvia! ease my pain,
Give me the heart you stole again,
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me my heart you stole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about:
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as sloe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below;
To Tom she nodded as the cart drove on,
And then (resolv'd to speak) she cry'd, Stop, John.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry crowd oppress'd?
Ambition now my soul does fire,
The youths shall languish and admire;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride in
my dust-cart;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

E

SONG

SONG 55. BALANCE A STRAW.

FROM the man whom I love, though my heart I
 disguise,
 I freely describe the wretch I despise;
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau;
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
 In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox;
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
 As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog;
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
 His heart is of lead, and his brains are of feather;
 Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

SONG 56. An Invitation to OWEN BRAY's, at
 Laughlin's-town.

ARE ye landed from England, and sick of the seas,
 Where ye roll'd and tumbld all manner of ways?
 To Laughlin's-town then without any delays,
 For you'll never be right, till you see Owen Bray's,
 With his Ballen a mona, &c.
 A glafs of his claret for me.

Were you full of complaints from the crown to the
 toe,
 A visit to Owen's will cure ye of woe;

A buck

A buck of such spirits ye never did know,
For let what will happen they're always in flow,
When he touches up Ballen, &c.
The joy of that fellow for me.

You may talk of Italians whatever you will,
I'd not give a fig to be crown'd with their skull;
Nay, sooner than hear 'em I'd gulp down a pill;
For who would compare a damn'd unmeaning thrill
To Ballen a mona, &c.
The grounds of a ballad for me.

Fling leg over garron, ye lovers of sport,
True joy is at Bray's, tho' there's little at court;
'Tis thither the lads of brisk mettle resort,
For there they are sure that they'll never fall short
Of claret and Ballen, &c.
The eighty-fourth bumper for me.

The days in December are dirty and raw;
But when we're at Owen's we care not a straw;
We bury the trades of religion and law,
And the ice in our hearts sure, we presently thaw
With good claret and Ballen, &c.
The quick-moving bottle for me.

Mean-spirited reptiles deservedly sink,
But Owen shall sing, and shall hunt, and shall drink,
The boy that from bumper yet never did shrink,
Nor till threescore and ten, shall he venture to think
Of leaving off Ballen, &c.
Long life to gay fellows for me.

SONG 57.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when, and tell me where;
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain
 When we thus shall meet again?
 When shall Strephon fondly see
 Beauties only found in thee?
 Kifs thee, press thee, toy and play,
 All the happy live long day:
 Dearest Kitty! kind and fair,
 Tell me when, and tell me where?

All the happy day, 'tis true,
 Bless'd, but only when with you,
 Nightly Strephon sings alone,
 Sighs till Hymen make us one.
 Tell me then, and ease my pain,
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
 When the priest shall kindly join
 Kitty's trembling hand to mine?
 Dearest Kitty! kind and fair,
 Tell me when—I care not where.

SONG 58.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart:

If aught of substantial delight
 On this side the stars can be found,
 'Tis sure, when that couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

SONG

SONG 59. The MAN OF THE MILL.

NEAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill,
 A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill:
 Fresh health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er his face,
 And honestly gives e'en to awkwardness grace.
 Besloured with his meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at night he's as blest as a king;
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of his mill.

He makes no nice scruple of toll for his trade,
 For that's an excise to his industry paid;
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,
 And he values them not of ten thousand a year;
 He's as a freehold sufficient to give him a vote,
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat;
 He hates your proud placeman; and do what they
 will,
 They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,
 And hopes that our statesman do all for the best;
 That the Spaniards should ne'er interrupt our free
 trade,
 Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid;
 He fears the French navy and commerce increase,
 And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace;
 Tho' Old England, he knows, may have strength and
 have skill
 To protect all her manors and save his own mill,

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,
 And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,
 And over the meadows he scatters his hay,
 Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay.

His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,
 That his country may ever be happy and free;
 With his hand and his heart to king GEORGE does he
 fill,
 And may all loyal souls act the man of the mill.

SONG 60. The LILIES OF FRANCE.

THE lilies of France, and the brave English rose,
 Could never agree, as old history shews,
 But our Edwards and Henrys those lilies have torn,
 And in their rich standards such ensigns have borne,
 To shew that old En land, beneath her strong lance,
 Has humbled the pride and the glory of France.

What would these monsieurs? would they know how
 they ran,
 Only look at the annals of glorious queen Anne:
 We beat them by sea, and we beat them by land,
 When Malbro' and Russel enjoy'd the command:
 We'll beat them again, boys, so let them advance,
 Old England despises the insult of France.

Then let the grand monarch assemble his host,
 And threaten invasion to England's fair coast;
 We bid them defiance, so let them come on,
 Have at them, their business will quickly be done;
 Monsieurs, we will teach you a new English dance
 To our grenadiers march, that will frighten all
 France.

Let's take up our muskets, and gird on our swords,
 And monsieur's shall find us as good as our words;
 Beat drums, trumpets sound, and huzza for our king,
 Then welcome Belleisle, with what troops thou canst
 bring:

Huzza!

Huzza! for Old England, whose strong pointed lance
Shall humble the pride and the glory of France.

SONG 61. By Mr. GARRICK.

HOW little do the landsmen know
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow;
But we have hearts of steel:
No danger can affright us,
No enemy shall flout:
We'll make the monsieurs right us;
So tofs the can about.

Stick close to orders, messmates,
We'll plunder, burn, and sink,
Then France have at your first-rates;
For Britons never shrink:
We'll rummage all ye fancy,
We'll bring them in by scores,
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy
Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying
With our noble commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
And then to sea for more:
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
In war we'll never fly;
Here's a health to GEORGE our king, boys,
And the royal family.

SONG.

S O N G 62.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet
 That scents the ambient air ;
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Sufanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove !
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray ;
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine ;
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
 Be fair Sufanna mine.

S O N G 63.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight and my
 Pride,
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ;
 I dwell on her praises wherever I go :
 They say I'm in love, but I answer, no, no,
 They say I'm in love, &c.

At evening oft-times with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand—I'll be with you at tea !
 My heart how it bounds when I hear her below ;
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, no, no.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain,
 Again I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny, again ;
 I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I would grow ;
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, no, no.

She

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me;
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so;
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, no, no?

From beauty and wit and good humour how I,
 Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly;
 Thy bounty, O fortune! make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say no.

SONG 64. A Copy of a Summons sent to the
 CHOICE SPIRITS.

Written by S. DERRICK, Esq; Master of the
 CEREMONIES at BATH.

TO the sons of true humour this billet's ad-
 dres'd,
 By mirth's jolly friends and the patrons of taste;
 At the Angel in Chelsea their meeting they hold,
 Where the viands are good, and the liquors are old;
 And Comus (on this you as truth may depend)
 Has to Shipman * declar'd, he'll always be his friend.

How delightful the prospect of yon weakhy plain,
 Where the sun from the southward impregnates the
 grain!
 While his beam with the breeze lightly sports o'er the
 billows,
 And the margin's embrown'd with a shade from the
 willows;
 While pompously trimm'd the barge slides smooth
 along,
 And the tide on the beach tunes the rower's rough
 song:

* The Master of the Tavern.

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10 DALLAS ST. 6th DISTRICT ST.

The old fellow's face
 With his grunt and grimace,
 And his teeth shewn by a grin-a:
 Tho' we can't understand him,
 We needs must commend him,
 And so we must miss Nicolina.

Then since singing's the taste, let's have a duetta;
 Let's have it, I say, by way of burletta,
 And take off the old man as well as Spiletta.
 Which nobody can deny.

I've got a cold——indeed I'm very hoarse, eh:
 And singing, fir, I fear will make me worse, eh:
 Yet will I thrive and work like any negroe,
 From slow Adagio up to quick Allegro;
 Then change from Forte to the soft Piano,
 That I may be —— see, signior, see
 Indeed the boon companio:
 Come then, my daughter, come, Miss Nicolina,
 We must compose a new burletta grin a,
 And with my fingers play the symphonina.

Symphony is play'd to the tune of, Ask if yon damask
 rose be sweet.

But ah! 'tis dinner-time, my dear signora,
 Go, fetch some stakes, go, fetch some stakes, encora:
 While I make unison to this stocato,
 Boil me some broth, and roast me some potatoe.

Largo ma affettuoso, tocca primo violin;
 The broth will prove but soo so, if you don't put oat-
 meal in.

Volti largo ma affette, subito andante;
 Pat greens in cabbage netta, and make some soup
 zonte,

Thirde,

Thirds, fifths, and eighths are half above a quarter,
A minim is much longer, a quaver is much shorter ;
Go, lay the cloth, and fetch a pint of porter.

DUETTO.

Miss. Pray, papa, pray pardon moy.

Soncafugo ame soy,

He. Fetch the drink.

She. Indeed not I

He. You're ill bred, miss,

She. That's a lye.

He. Gallop, trollop.—*She.* Tuche ta.

He. Le diable,——bribble brabble.

Brabantiana cara spiletta foolata la,

Caro spiletta foolata la.

Da Capo.

SONG 66. The TAYLOR and SEMPSTRESS.

Simile Simili gaudet.

A *Taylor* there was, and he liv'd in a garret,
Who ne'er in his days tasted champagne or
claret:

With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed,
But *cabbage*, believe me, was his daily bread.

Derry down, down

His work he pursu'd without any repining,
When bless'd with a pint of *three threads* for his lining;
Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
With a Sempstress's *bodkin* destroy'd his *quietus*.

No longer a *birth-night* affords any pleasure,
His *patterns* lie scatter'd, in tatters his *measure*;
His *bills* he contrives not with *items* to swell;
Silk, *twist*, *tape*, and *buckram*, he damns them to
bell.

Cupid, pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
 And help'd him to *fine-draw* the hole he had made;
 He bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,
 Who e'er finish'd without first beginning a *suit*?

He visits the Sempstress with awkward address,
 Protests on her kindness *hung* his happiness;
 But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and wheedle,
 For she, lack-a-day, was as sharp as a *needle*.

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,
 And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom;
 Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
 The Fates *shears* would soon cut off his *remnant* of life.

Do you think, cry'd the Sempstress, I'll take for a
 spouse
 One whom no one esteems three *skips* of a *louse*?
 Advance in your favour whatever you can,
 A taylor is but the *ninth* part of a man.

The taylor proceeded with lying, intreating,
 And making such speeches which scarce bear repeat-
 ing;
 A woman unmarried was useless, he said;
 Was just like a *needle* without any *thread*,

When the priest should have tack'd them together he
 cry'd,
 For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide;
 'Tho' to turkeys and capons he could not aspire,
 She might always be sure of a *goose* at the *fire*.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nimble;
 And swore that her eyes were more bright than her
 shimble.

Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,
 That (I know not how 'twas) he *cabbag'd* her heart.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went ;
 Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent ;
 None but death could the conjugal knot have unty'd :
 For *cross-legg'd* together they sat till they dy'd.

S O N G 67.

Tune, Sing Tantararara Bucks all.

C O M E, my bucks, let's to-night be devoted to
 drinking,
 To morrow's too soon to be troubled with thinking ;
 Inspired by Bacchus, I'll sing to his praise,
 And crown with a bumper, instead of the bays.
 Sing Tantarara Bucks all.

From Bacchus our name is, though some say from
 Jove,
 For he was the first (like a buck) who made love ;
 To a bull for the sake of Europa he turns,
 And bequeath'd to the man she should marry, his horns.

'Tis by women each buck at true honour arrives,
 The first race of bucks were made bucks by their
 wives ;
 When for glory the Greeks round the world us'd to roam,
 Each wife a true buck dubb'd her hero at home.

Had the son of fair Thetis, instead of the brine,
 Been plung'd over head in a hoghead of wine,
 He'd have march'd among mortals secure from all evil :
 A buck, when he's drunk, is a match for the devil.

But why should the ancients still fill up my lays ?
 'Tis fit that a modern, a modern should please.
 With claret my rosy-crown'd temples I'll 'noint,
 And a health take to him who first drank a half-pint.

Were

Were grapes on the mount of Parnassus but growing,
 Or Helicon's conduit with French claret flowing,
 Nay, would Phœbus but drink like an honest good
 fellow,

Like Bacchus we'd honour his buckship Apollo.

What are misses, the muses, to nine mouldy casks?
 Or the tea-table's splendor, to splendid full flasks?
 What is Pegasus good for? Yes, he shall be mine;
 I'll keep him as porter to fly for my wine.

In daisy-deck'd meads, when the birds whistle
 round,
 How shrill is the music, how simple the sound?
 Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar,
 And a good-fellow's order, Boy, six bottles more.

Can music or verse, love or landscape bestow
 A six-bottle sound, or a six-bottle show?
 Cou'd I meet them at midnight, their bottoms I'd try.
 Who first should give out, faith, the bottles or I.

This tuning and piping no longer I'll bear it,
 What's all pipes of music, to one pipe of claret?
 By my soul, bucks, I love it, and why, wou'd you
 know?
 Drink only as I've done, you'll all like it too.

SONG 68. Tune, Shambuy.

YE bucks, far and near, to my sonnet give ear,
 And quit the dull trouble of thinking;
 The sage, long ago, that said, nothing he knew,
 Poor soul, was unstudy'd in drinking.
 Dull mumbling of Plato,
 Or grumbling with Cato,

Dispassionate Stoics will make us;
 But the men truly wise
 Such pedants despise,
 And attend on the lectures of Bacchus.

With full wigs, in fine coach, see the doctors ap-
 proach,
 And muscular mould up their faces,
 Grave smell on the cane, apply finger to vein,
 And count the slow pulse by grimaces?
 Their fees first receive,
 Their opinions then give,
 With potions and motions they'll quack us:
 Their prescriptions may drain,
 But we'll fill up each vein
 By the nourishing nostrums of Bacchus.

By sycophant state, see the meanest made great,
 * Spike of plain dealing merit endeavours,
 That jilt, madam Fortune, is hoodwink'd most cer-
 tain,
 And scatters at random her favours,
 Come, lads of true spirit,
 Pay courtship to claret,
 That power the greatest will make us:
 Can pension, or pope,
 No, nor ribband, or rope,
 Lift us up like the bounties of Bacchus?

Ye lads, when you need with the fair to succeed,
 With bumpers begin your love's trial;
 It emboldens the mind, in the lady you'll find
 'Twill drown all the force of denial.
 Drink, drink, in your prime,
 Toss a bottle to Time,

He'll

He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us ;
 Our decay we prevent,
 His wounds we cement,
 By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

Nem. Con. let us join in the praise of good wine,
 Whilst misers 'midst millions dread dying,
 Whilst lovers are mourning, and ladies are scorning,
 We're love and death equal defying.
 Observe tho' the toast,
 Lest our liquor be lost,
 And death 'midst a bottle o'ertake us ;
 To be even with him,
 Fill each glass to the brim,
 For we'll die with a bumper of Bacchus.

S O N G 69. Tune, Derry down, &c.

WHEN Bacchus, the patron of love, wit, and
 mirth,
 With vineyards had planted the face of the earth,
 Tho' nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his sway,
 Some, drunk with his bounty, deny'd to obey.
 Derry down, &c.

He harness'd his tygers, he marshal'd his force,
 Silenus was sutler, lord Pan led the horse ;
 The Ganges they pass'd, came in sight of the foe,
 And struck them all dead without striking a blow.

'Twas Pan did the feat, put their troops in a
 fright,
 For he slyly stole into their camp over night ;
 And while they lay sleeping, not dreaming such mat-
 ter,
 He drew off their wine, filled their flasks up with
 water.

Next morn when they woke, and their bottles pull'd
out,
The first gulp they took put them all to the rout ;
They trembled from monarch to the meanest me-
chanic ;
From whence comes the phrase, to put men in a
panic.

Ye heroes of Europe, whose martial parade
Attracts the soft sense of each dress-tempted maid,
Well judge of this scheme, and impartial declare,
Could you with mere water march fearless to war?

The buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,
As much by his drinking as fighting got fame :
He was sure of the victory, lads, you must think.
Who drank but to conquer, and conquer'd to drink.

By foul pale-fac'd villains, who only drank water,
Great Cæsar was dragg'd to the senate-house slaugh-
ter :
Had they drank what they ought, they'd have dropt
their design,
And no more spilt his blood, than we bucks spill our
wine.

'Tis by maxims more noble we nourish our youth,
Kept constant to claret, they're constant to truth ;
On the virtues of wine we may safely depend,
He who sticks to his bottle, will stick to his friend.

'Tis wine (like the sun) that invigorates our hours,
Wine blooms our complexions, as Sol blooms the
flow'rs ;
And as birds grateful sing, when he spreads his bright
rays,
So we bucks, in full chorus, chaunt bright claret's
praise.

Mark

Mark each rose, when the sun's from the horizon fled,
Shuts his leaves, dewy weeps, and hangs heavy his head;
When his wine's gone, each buck thus as sad will be-
come,
Folds his arms, gives a sigh, hides his head, and skulks
home.

SONG 70. Tune, The Hounds are all out.

By G. A. STEVENS.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd.
My brave boys, &c.

My vault door is open'd, descend ev'ry guest,
Tap that cask, ay, that wine we will try,
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand,
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be stor'd,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good-fellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops seem
The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
From the arch mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste stream,
Like stucco work cut out of moss.

My

My cellar's my camp, my soldiers, my flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in review;
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

I charge glass in hand, and my empire maintain,
 No ancient more patriot-like bled;
 Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
 And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are well
 fill'd,

View the heap of Champagne in your rear;
 Yon bottles are Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,
 Like artillery, tier over tier.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
 No *Hic JACET* be grav'd on my stone,
 But pour o'er my coffin a bottle of red,
 And write, that *HIS DRINKING* is done.

SONG 71. Tune, By Jove I'll be free.

THOU' I love you, yet think not my judgment so
 weak
 To doat on your waist, or your rose-dimpled cheek;
 The black curling locks which your white neck inlay,
 Your love-pouting lips, or your eye darting ray:
 'Tis not for those charms which so common are seen,
 'Tis something more secret—but guess what I mean.

Platonics corporeal embraces disdain,
 Their mental enjoyments no passion profane;
 The mind of a mistress perhaps may enchant,
 Yet still flesh and blood will mere flesh and blood want:
 Each sex sighs for more than to see and be seen;
 What more is't they sigh for? why—guess what I mean.
 Can

Can a 'dinner's warm steam fill the hungry with
cheer!

Or the sight of a bank dry up poverty's tear?
The jingling of guineas, or fame of a feast,
They care not to hear of, unless they cou'd taste:
'Tis thus with the lover, not what he has seen,
But what he can taste of, that's—guess what I mean.

We, wise-seeming mortals, five senses retain
In the pay of the will, to be pimps to the brain;
One sense, like the serpent, devours all the rest,
As man's most inclin'd to hear, see, smell, or taste:
But to touch is the point,—yet I'll not be obscene,
For to touch is no more than to—guess what I mean.

How sweet the sensation! how thrilling the bliss,
When, breast joining breast, we blend souls in a kiss!
All madness the lover, the fair all delight,
Ev'ry sense then in one ecstatic unite:
What's that sense of all senses? why—here drops the
scene,
'Tis something that's certain, but—guess what I mean.

SONG 72 Tune, Farewell to Lochabar.

THE sportsman may boast of his well-scented
hound;

Each day let the coxcomb in dawdling confound;
The statesman may vaunt of political schemes;
Let poets be fool'd by their fancy-form'd dreams:
Let night-walking learned their volumes unfold,
Give the toper his bottle, the miser his gold;
'Gainst learning, wealth, drinking, wit, state, I pro-
test,

'Tis woman, dear woman, she's worth all the rest.

Tho'

Tho' birds, in shrill symphonies, sing o'er our heads,
And Flora's gay paintings enamel the meads;
'Tho' the fruits are so pleasant, so thick grow the
trees,

So warm shines the sun, and so cool breathes each
breeze;

The odour of spices, the pure crystal stream,

Each nice gift of nature, I nobly esteem;

Ye birds, fruits, spice, flowers, can ne'er stand the
test

With woman, dear woman, she's worth all the rest.

In sickness, in prison, in want, in despair,
What woe can we feel, if fond woman is there?

The nostrum of nature, the medicine of life,

In ev'ry affliction, the cure is a Wife:

But think not, ye fair, that these praises are paid

To the miser-like virgin, the green-sickness maid;

'Tho' so delicate shap'd, yet imperfect's your plan,

And you useless exist, till you're finish'd by MAN.

SONG 73. Tune, Sing Tantarara, toast all.

NOW *Europe* enjoys a repose from her wars,
And fair-fac'd commanders sleep fearless of
scars,

Lads, list under *Love*, and your lessons I'll teach,

To the breast-work advance, and then batter in
breach,

Sing Tantarara, toast all.

'Tis *Venus* commands, for engagement prepare,

In *Cupid's* campaign our foes are all fair;

As fair let us fight, and make proper seizure;

Here's success to our ensign, the Standard of PLEASURE.

Come,

Come, my lads, to your lips the brimming glass
lift,

May we never want courage when put to a *shift*!
And that we may never of happiness miss,
May we kiss where we please, and still please where we
kiss!

The *wish of the sportsman* shall next be recounted,
Like him, each fair lady loves well to be mounted;
The lover in this toast has likewise a share,
For he, huntsman like, is for seizing the *bare*.

Ye sportsmen, whose stomachs for feeding are fit,
Call the *cook* here, I'll give you *four hams on one spit*;
And lest you should think yourselves not fully fitted,
Here's the meat that best bastes itself, when 'tis best
spitted.

Come, my lads, once again let your glasses be seiz'd,
Here's the eye that weeps most, when 'tis best and most
pleas'd;
And still to go on with the favourite theme,
Here's to dying virginity, unction extreme.

May our mistresses always be pleas'd to receive,
And carefully save what we bountiful give,
And (when keeping time) to *depart* we are ready,
May our dying be happy, revival be speedy!

One health more, my brave boys, with your leaves
I must teach,
In view let's have pleasure, but ne'er out of reach:
Here's the nest in the bush, and the bush's best friend,
The bird who his life in that nest loves to spend.

Let's now toast some females; the first my muse
greet,
Is the Bookbinders's wife, that well stitches in sheets.

Next, *the brown female reaper*, who tight keeps her
hand in,

So well does her work, not a handful leaves standing

Here's the *millers wife's music*, worth all other
tones,

When the sluice is set open, and strong grind the stones.

Call the *maker of baskets*, his wife's worth a bottle,

She'll strip the bark down, and yet safe keep the wattle.

To the *Lass*, who's *lamb-like*, be a bumper replete,

Who still wags her tail, as she tastes of the teat :

Here's the *coal hole of Cupid*; may every buck win it!

And to all, *equal joy in the critical minute.*

Here's the *nicest house-maid*, who still on her guard,

To keep the stones clean, and well scour the yard;

And her *architect sister*, the joy of the people,

Who the stones can replace, tho' she pulls down the steeple.

The young *female chymist*, by natural heat,

The *essence of life* from such quarters can get :

But, of all the fair females, the girl I most prize,

Is the *skillful fur'd female*, the judge of a—Size.

Now a truce with our toasts; no one more I'll name,

Since we've enter'd the lists to protect *love's black game*.

Here's the *centry*, who keeps at the *Cockpit* command;

And *naked at midnight* uncover'd will stand,

Remember, lads, life's but a summer's short day,

So while our youth shines, let us joyous make hay :

Joy is all that we live for, let's equally share it;

Here's the *Harvest of life*, Love, Wit, and good Claret.

SONG 74.

ASK me not how calmly I
 All the cares of life defy?
 How I baffle human woes?
 Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh, as I;
 You, like me, may cares defy;
 All the pangs that heart endures,
 Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,
 Feats of arms, and drunken joys;
 I have pleasure more divine,
 Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than folly knows,
 More than fortune can bestow:
 Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,
 Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,
 Broken vows and faithless hearts;
 Tell me wretch, who pines and grieves,
 Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
 More than folly can bestow;
 Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,
 Woman, woman, woman brings.

SONG 75.

A Damsel, I'm told,
 Of delicate mould,
 Whose father was dead, to enrich her,
 Of all her fine things,
 Lace, ribbons, and rings,
 Priz'd nothing so much as her twitcher, poor girl,
 Priz'd nothing so much as her twitcher.

G

The

The youths all around,
With courtship profound,
Try'd every art to bewitch her:
But she was so chaste,
She'd not be embrac'd
By any thing else but her twitcher, poor girl,
By any thing, &c.

Each offer'd his pelf
In exchange for herself,
If to him the parson might stich her,
But still she reply'd,
She'd never be ty'd
To any thing else but her twitcher, poor girl,
To any thing, &c.

But Cupid grown wild
To see himself foil'd,
Resolv'd to find ways to bewitch her,
And humble her pride,
Whatever betide,
He scorn'd to give way to the twitcher, poor girl,
He scorn'd; &c.

Brisk Strephon the young,
Whose amorous tongue
Was baited with words to bewitch her,
The god did prepare
To combat the fair,
And try'd to out-rival the twitcher, poor girl,
And try'd, &c.

Young Strephon drew nigh her,
And flush'd with desire,
Try'd kisses and oaths to bewitch her,
He prattl'd and toy'd;
But still she reply'd,
Pish, let go the hold of my twitcher, poor girl,
Pish, let go, &c.

But

But this cunning spark
 So well took his mark,
 He found out the way to o'er-reach her ;
 He gave her a trip,
 Which happen'd to slip
 The mystical knot of her twitcher, poor girl,
 The mystical, &c.

And thus having ended
 The thing he intended,
 Who knows what he did to bewitch her?
 She cry'd, No, no, no, :
 But yet I can't go ;
 Now do what you will with my twitcher, dear boy,
 Now do, &c.

SONG 76.

A very pretty fancy, a brave gallanta showe,
 A very pretty fancy, a brave gallanta showe,
 E just come from France, a very pretty fancy,
 E just come from France, toute nouveau..

De first ting de true picture of de great magnificent city
 of Londre,
 Dat fill every part of the world with surprise, pleasure,
 and vondre :
 Here de cunning French, de vise Italian, and Spaniard
 runne,
 And vere can they go else, morbleu, to get quarter of
 de money?

And for de diversions, dat make a de pleasure for dis
 great town,
 Dey be so many, so fine, so pleasant, so cheap as never
 was known ;

Here

Here be de Hay-market, vere de Italian opera do
sweetly found,

Dat cost a de brave gentry no more as two hundred
tousand pound.

Here be de famous comedians of the vorl, de troupe
Italian,

Dat make a de poor English veep, because dey vil
troupe home agen;

De toder place be mademoiselle Violante shew a tou-
sand trick,

She jump upon de rope ten storie high, and never
break her neck.

Here be de vise managers shew all de visdom of deir
brain,

Dat make a de fine ting of Vagnar and Abericock in
Drury-lane.

See how dey turn about, for their own diversion, in de
flying chair:

So prodigious entertainment vil never be dis tousand
year.

SONG 77. In the BEGGARS OPERA, by GAY.

Tune, O! Bessy Bell.

A CURSE attends that woman's love,
Who always wou'd be pleasing:
The pertness of the billing dove,
Like tickling, is but teasing.

What then in love can woman do?
If we grow fond they shun us;
And when we fly them, they pursue,
But leave us when they've won us.

SONG

SONG 78. NONSENSICAL FOLKS.

A TRIFLING song you shall hear,
 Begun with a trifle and ended;
 All trifling people draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
 That lately have come into play,
 The men would want something to do,
 And the women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
 Because the ladies, they know,
 Admire, by often possessing,
 That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
 The trifle of trifles to gain,
 No sooner the virgin is rifled,
 But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal man would be able
 At White's half an hour to sit?
 Or who could bear a tea-table,
 Without taking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,
 Gold keys are no trifles, we see;
 White rods are no trifles, I'm sure,
 Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
 Where trifles abundantly breed,
 The levee will shew you his grace
 Makes promises trifles indeed.

A coach with fix footmen behind,
 I count neither trifles nor sin :
 But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
 A scandalous trifle within ?

A flask of champaigne, people think it,
 A trifle, or something as bad ;
 But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
 You'll find it no trifle, be gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
 A widow's a trifle in sorrow ;
 A peace is a trifle to-day,
 Who knows what may happen to-morrow ?

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
 Or hide it a red may endeavour ;
 But if once the army is broke,
 We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,
 The reason pray carry a long,
 Because that at every new play,
 The house they with trifles do throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
 And to set us all on a foot,
 The author of this is a trifle,
 And his song is a trifle to boot.

SONG. 79.

A COBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and
 hall ;

No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy;
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most
sweet,
Saying, just to a hair I made both ends meet:
Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau:
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart;
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part:
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when he rose every day;
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way:
Derry down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would
flee,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair:
Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll:
Derry down, &c.

And

And now in good will I advise, as a friend,
All coblers take warning by this cobbler's end :
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's
past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last :
Derry down, &c.

S O N G. 80.

ARISE, arise, great dead, for arms renown'd,
Rise from your urns, and save your dying glory ;
Your deeds will be in dark oblivion drown'd,
For mighty William seizes all your glory.

Again the British trumpet sounds,
Again Britannia bleeds ;
To glorious death, or comely wounds,
Her god-like monarch leads.

Pay us, kind fate, the debt you owe,
Celestial minds from clay untie ;
Let coward spirits dwell below,
And only give the brave to die.

[SONG 81. Tune, Omnia vincit amor.

AS I went forth to view the spring,
Which Flora had adorned
In raiment fair ; now ev'ry thing
The rage of winter scorn'd ;
I cast mine eye, and did espy
A youth who made great clamour,
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah ! Omnia vincit amor.

Upon

Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring river,
 And mournfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver.
 Ah! Jenny's face, and comely grace,
 Her looks that shin'd like lammer,
 With burning rays have cut my days;
 For, Omnia vincit amor.

Her glancy een, like comets sheen,
 The morning sun out-shining,
 Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
 And make me die with pining.
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare, make me with care,
 Cry, Omnia vincit amor.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning!
 Ye fragrant fields, and meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning:
 Let ev'ry tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her:
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
 Ah! Omnia vincit amor.

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admir'd,
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,
 He cou'd not speak, but stammer;
 He sigh'd full fore, and said no more,
 But, Omnia vincit amor.

When

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I ran in haste to save him ;
 But quickly he resign'd his breath ;
 So deep the wound love gave him.
 Now, for his sake, this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her :
 While on his hearse I'll write this verse,
 Ah ! Omnia vincit amor.

Straight I consider'd in my mind
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found, tho' Cupid he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
 And Vulcan with his hammer,
 Did ever prove the slave of love,
 For Omnia vincit amor.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
 Which gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break asunder :
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,
 To learn this from his grammar ;
 His heart's the book where he's to look,
 For, Omnia vincit amor.

S O N G 82.

BRIGHT was the morning, cool was the air,
 Serene was all the sky,
 When on the waves I left my dear,
 The center of my joy ;
 Heaven and nature smiling were,
 And nothing sad but I.

Each

Each rosy field did odours spread,
 All fragrant was the shore;
 Each river-god rose from his bed,
 And sigh'd and own'd her pow'r;
 Curling their waves, they deck'd their heads,
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian queen
 Her hero went to see,
 Cnidus swell'd o'er her banks with pride,
 As much in love as he.

Glide on, ye waters, bear these lines,
 And tell her how distress'd:
 Bear all my sighs, ye gentle winds,
 And waft them to her breast:
 Tell her if e'er she proves unkind,
 I never shall have rest.

SONG 83.

BY the mould of your bobbies, so round and so
 white,
 By the mould of your neck, where my arms would
 unite,
 By whatever mould else you have got out of sight,
 I beseech thee to hear me, dear Molly!

By the kiss just a starting from of thy moist lips,
 By the delicate up-and-down jut of thy hips,
 By the tip of thy tongue, which all tongues far out-
 tips,
 I beseech, &c

By

By the down on your bosom, on which my soul dies,
 By the thing of all things, which you love as your
 eyes,
 By the thought you lie down with, and those when you
 rise,
 I beseech, &c.

By all the soft pleasure a virgin can share,
 By the critical minute no virgin can bear,
 By the question I burn most to ask, but don't dare
 I beseech thee to hear me dear Molly !

S O N G. 84.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I,
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Could'st thou sip and sip it up :
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short and wears away,
 Life is, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hast'ning quick to their decline,
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore :
 Threescore summers when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.
 Will appear, &c.

S O N G 85.

BY the gaily circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told
 how the waning night grows old.

Soon,

Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sports away :
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of care ! 'twas made for you.

SONG 86.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while,
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile !
 So spoke the eastern maid ;
 (Like thine, seraphic were her charms)
 That in Circassia's vineyard stray'd,
 And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair, of high desert,
 Strove to inchant the am'rous king ;
 But the Circassian gain'd his heart,
 And taught the royal bard to sing.
 Clarinda thus our song inspires,
 And claims the smooth and softest lays :
 But while each charm our bosom fires,
 Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind, in ev'ry grace complete,
 To paint, surpasses human skill :
 Her majesty, mix'd with the sweet,
 Let seraphs sing her, if they will.
 Whilst wand'ring, with a ravish'd eye,
 We all that's perfect in her view,
 Viewing a sister of the sky,
 To whom an adoration's due.

SONG 87.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
 Can madness and reason agree?
 O Molly! who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee?

Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste;
 Let me seize on old Time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares;
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy:
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs;
 Too late may repent being coy.

Then Molly for what should we stay,
 Till all our best blood does run cold?
 Our youth we can have but to-day,
 We may always find time to grow old.

SONG 88.

COME all ye young lovers, who, wan with
 despair,
 Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair,
 Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,
 And tell them, 'tis heaven to lie in their arms:
 Be wise by example, take pattern from me,
 For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free,
 By Jove I'll be free,
 For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw, in the net I was caught,
 I ly'd, and I flatter'd, as custom had taught:

I press'd

I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon;
 But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon;
 She vow'd she was ruin'd: I said it might be:
 I'm sorry, my dear, but by Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis, as bright as the morn;
 The love that I proffer'd, she treated with scorn.
 I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
 That none can be handsome, but such as are kind;
 Her pride and ill nature was lost upon me;
 For, in spight of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,
 Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise;
 Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage,
 Like birds they sing best when put in a cage:
 Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for me,
 Let who will be bond-slaves, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

Then let each brisk bumper run over the glass,
 In a toast to the young and beautiful lass,
 Who's yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,
 Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool:
 Let us bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee,
 For, in spight of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free, &c.

SONG 89.

COME, let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Assembled on merry occasion,
 Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
 Our wine has a spring:
 Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain,
Our secret to gain,
But still let them wonder and gaze on;
Till they're shewn the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word or sign of an accepted mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that;
They cannot tell what;
Why so many great men in the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their swords,
This our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
And ne'er been ashamed,
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
It makes each man just in his station:
There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere,
And just to the fair,
They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand,

Let's

Let's be merry, and put a bright face on;
 No mortal can boast
 So noble a toast,
 As a free and an accepted mason.

S O N G 90.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain:
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness would vastly improve;
 Your sighs and your smiles are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sun-shine of love:
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
 Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And darkness possess all the skies,
 Yet we ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder;
 He's dropfical, she is fore-cy'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door,
 And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smook a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother;
 Then, what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments which youth did bestow;
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
 Nor sickness nor time can remove;
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these;
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

SONG 91.

FLY Care to the winds, thus I blow thee away,
 I'll drown thee in wine if thou dar'st but to stay,
 With bumpers of claret my spirits I'll raise;
 I'll laugh, and I'll sing all the rest of my days.

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his son,
 And, inspir'd, my breast glows with transports unknown.
 The sparkling liquor new vigour supplies,
 And makes the nymph kind, who before was too wise.

Then, dull sober mortals, be happy as me,
 Two bottles of claret will make us agree,
 Will open your eyes to see Phillis's charms,
 And, her coyness wash'd down, she'll fly to your arms.

SONG

SONG 92.

FAIR Iris I love, and I hourly die,
But not for a lip; nor a languishing eye;
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as she;
We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and to say things of course;
We mean not the taking for better for worse:
When present we love, when absent agree,
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me:
The legend of love no couple can find,
So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

SONG 93.

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,
Or from the dark abyfs of hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppress my soul;
Hark! how the angry furies howl!
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam bad.

Through the world I wander night and day
To find my straggling senses:
In angry mood I met old Time,
With his pentæuch of senses.

When me he spies away he flies,
For Time will stay for no man:
In vain with cries I rend the skies,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I be,
 Help! help! or else I die!
 Hark! I hear Apollo's team,
 The carman 'gins to whistle;
 Chaste Diana bends her bow,
 And the boar begins to bristle.

Come Vulcan, with tools and with tackle;
 And knock off my troublesome shackle;
 Bid Charles make ready his wain,
 To bring me my senses again.

Last night I heard the dog star bark;
 Mars met Venus in the dark;
 Limping Vulcan heat an iron-bar,
 And furiously made at the god of war:
 Mars with his weapon laid about:
 Limping Vulcan had got the gout;
 His broad horns did so hang in his light,
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright.

Mercury the nimble post of heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrel;
 Barrel-belly'd Bacchus, giant-like,
 Bestrid a strong beer barrel:
 To me he drank whole butts,
 Until he burst his guts,
 But mine were ne'er the wider.
 Poor Tom is very dry,
 A little drink for charity.

Hark! I hear Aeteons hounds;
 The huntsman whoop and hollow,
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman;
 All the chace do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
 Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot;

But

But a cup of Malaga sack
Will fire the bush at his back.

S O N G 94.

FREE from confinement and strife,
I'll plow thro' the ocean of life
To seek new delights,
Where beauty invites,
But ne'er be confin'd to a wife.
The man that is free,
Like a vessel at sea,
After conquest and plunder may roam;
But when either confin'd
By wife or by wind,
'Tho' for glory design'd,
No advantage they find,
But rot in the harbour at home.

S O N G 95.

Guardian angels now protect me,
Send to me the swain I love;
Cupid with thy bow direct me,
Help me, all ye pow'rs above.
Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,
Tell him I love and I despair;
Tell him, for him I grieve,
Say 'tis for him I live;
O may the shepherd be sincere!

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night;
Near the brink of yonder fountain
First Leander blest'd my sight;

Witness.

Witness, ye groves and falls of water,
 Echoes, repeat the vows he swore:
 Can he forget me,
 Will he neglect me,
 Shall I never see him more !

Does he love and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair ?
 If 'tis so, I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair.
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue :
 The lark and Philomel
 Only shall hear me tell
 What makes me bid the world adieu.

SONG 96. By GAY.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,
 My Chloe's bosom grace:
 How happy should I prove,
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd place
 With never-fading love,
 With never-fading love,
 There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there,
 More fragrant roses there ;
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
 With envy and despair,
 With envy and despair :
 One common fate we both must prove,
 You die with envy, I with love,
 You die, &c.

SONG

SONG 97.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales;
 How hard such beauties to resign,
 And yet that cruel task is mine.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme,
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain,
 The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head;
 All nature does my loss deplore,
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain,
 All, all, &c.

SONG 98.

HAIL Windsor, crown'd with lofty tow'rs
 Where nature wantons at her will,
 Decks ev'ry vale with fruits and flow'rs.
 With waving trees adorns each hill:
 Like Mars with Venus in his arms;
 Like his thy strength, like her's thy charms,
 Like his, &c.

When

When o'er thy plains I stretch mine eyes,
 Pleas'd with thy prospects unconfin'd,
 A thousand scenes before me rise,
 A thousand beauties charm my mind:
 Tho' different each, yet each agrees,
 Nor this, nor that, but all things please.

Thus Strephon views his lovely fair,
 From charm to charm in raptures tost
 Yet not her face, nor shape, nor air,
 Nor yet her eyes transport him most;
 But 'tis the heavenly finish'd whole,
 With matchless grace delights his soul.

S O N G 99.

HAIL, Greenwich, crown'd with sweet delight,
 Throughout thy parks display'd,
 There nature's lavish charms invite
 Each youth and blooming maid,
 To taste the joys of rural shade,
 Where nought but love and mirth invade,
 Where nought, &c.

Thy ranging groves of lofty trees
 With spreading shades repel
 The heat of Phœbus' sultry rays:
 There feather'd songsters dwell,
 In pleasing emblems of true love,
 Melodious warbling through the grove.

Each rising hill new prospects yields,
 And captivates the mind;
 The grazing flocks, the pleasant fields,
 Yield raptures unconfin'd;
 Fair Flora paints the verdant scene,
 And decks with fragrant sweets the green.

The silver Thames glides gently by,
 With peace and plenty crown'd;
 Its glitt'ring surface cheers the eye,
 Green ozers mantling round,
 With wanton wavings as it goes,
 In various forms new beauties shews.

From hill to dale, from dale to grove,
 Thy splendors shine around,
 That viewing each we fully prove
 Transporting joys abound;
 Whilst ecstacy inspires the soul,
 And praising one, we praise the whole.

S O N G 100.

HAPPY hours, all hours excelling,
 When retir'd from crowds and noise,
 Happy is that silent dwelling,
 Fill'd with self-possessing joys.

Happy's that contented creature,
 Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
 And consults the voice of nature,
 When of roving fancies eas'd.

Every passion wisely moving,
 Just as reason turns the scale;
 Every state of life improving,
 That no anxious thoughts prevail.

Happy man who thus possessing
 Life with some companion dear,
 Joy imparted still increases,
 Griefs when told soon disappear.

S O N G 101.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes!
 Sound, sound the trumpet, beat, beat the drum;
 From port to port let cannons roar,
 He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare;
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air:
 From pole to pole your joys resound,
 For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

S O N G 102.

HA I L Masonry, thou craft divine!
 Glory of earth, from heaven reveal'd;
 Which doth with jewels precious shine,
 From all but Masons eyes conceal'd.
 Cho. Thy praises due who can rehearse
 In nervous prose, or flowing verse?

As men from brutes distinguished are,
 A Mason other men excels;
 For what's in knowledge choice and rare,
 But in his breast securely dwells!
 Cho. His silent breast, and faithful heart,
 Preserves the secrets of the art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
 From beasts whose roar the forest rends,
 From the assaults of warrior bold,
 The Mason's art mankind defends.
 Cho. Be to this art due honour paid,
 From which mankind receive such aid.

Ensigns of state, that feed our pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain!
 By Masons true are laid aside;
 Art's free-born sons such toys disdain.

Cho.

Cho. Ennobled by the name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
Friendly converse of brotherhood,
The lodge's lasting cement be,
Which has for ages firmly stood.

Cho. A lodge thus built, for ages past,
Has lasted, and will ever last.

Then in our songs be justice done
To those who have enrich'd the art,
From Jabel down to Burlington,
And let each brother bear a part.

Cho. Let noble Masons health go round,
Their praise in lofty lodge resound.

SONG 103.

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the vale,
Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,
To charm us to barter for ignoble rest
The joys which true pleasure can raise in the breast:
The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
And the cry of the huntsman is, Hark, hark, away;
Then wherefore defer we, one moment, our joys?
Haste, haste, let's away; so to horse, my brave boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chase,
Where meaner delights to more noble give place?
While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,
From valley to valley re-echoes the cry:
Our joys are all sterling, no sorrows we fear,
We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old Care:
Forgetful of labour we leap o'er the mounds,
Led on by the horn and the cry of the hounds.

SONG 104.

HARK! the bonny Christ-Church bells,
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
 They sound so woundy great,
 So wond'rous sweet,
 And they troll so merrily, merrily.

Hark! the first and second bell,
 That every day at four and ten
 Cries, come, come, come,
 Cries, come to pray'rs;
 And the virger troops before the dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting goes the small bell at nine,
 To call the bearers home;
 But the dev'l a man
 Will leave his can,
 Till he hears the mighty Tom.

SONG 105.

HE that will rot merry merry be
 With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post.

Let him be merry, merry there,
 And we'll be merry, merry here:
 For who can know where we shall go
 To be merry another year?

He that will not merry, merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he be oblig'd to drink small beer,
 With ne'er a penny in his purse.
 Let him be merry, &c.

He

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise.
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead.
 Let him be merry, &c.

S O N G 106.

HOW brimful of nothing's the life of a beau!
 They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to
 do;
 Nor nothing to talk of, for nothing they know:
 Such, such is the life of a beau, &c.

For nothing they rise but to draw the fresh air;
 Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair;
 And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter and stare:
 Such, such is, &c.

For nothing at night, at the play-house they crowd,
 To mind nothing done there, they always are proud;
 But to bow and to grin, and talk nothing aloud:
 Such, such is, &c.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball,
 And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call;
 For they still must be beasted, who've—nothing at all:
 Such, such is, &c.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear ;
 For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing to fear ;
 They can do nothing no where, who—nothing are here :
 Such, such is, &c.

SONG 107. In the MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

By Mr. DODSLEY.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less.
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 Which is, &c.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau ;
 A clown in his dress may be honest far
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.

What then, if a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks ;
 In this sort of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this too he mimicks the tools of the state ;
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
 As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He

He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing;
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

SONG 108.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the wat'ry main;
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true,
And would not commit a base action
For power and profit in view.

Chorus. Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorough the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding:
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.

Cho. Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we, who to politics strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great,

The

The various blessings of nature
In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die,

Cho. Then why should, &c,

SONG 109. Tune, SALLY.

I AM in truth
A country youth,
Unus'd to London fashions;
Yet virtue guides,
And still presides
O'er all my steps and passions.

No courtly leer,
But all sincere,
No bribe shall ever blind me:
If you can like
A Yorkshire tike,
An honest man you'll find me.

Tho' Envy's tongue,
With slander hung,
Does oft belye our county;
No men on earth
Boast greater worth,
Or more extend their bounty.

Our northern breeze
With us agrees,
And does for business fit us;
In public cares,
In love's affairs,
With honour we acquit us.

A noble

A noble mind
Is ne'er confin'd
To any shire or nation ;
He gains most praise,
Who best displays
A generous education :

While rancour rolls
In narrow souls,
By narrow views discerning ;
The truly wise
Will only prize
Good manners, sense, and learning.

S O N G 110.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year :
And these are three plagues enough, I should think,
For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall into debt ;
And tho' I have struggl'd and struggl'd and strove,
I cannot get rid of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain ;
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets ;
And my mistress, that cannot endure me,
Will love me and love me again :
Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking again.

SONG III. The DOWNRIGHT LOVER.

I LOVE thee, by heavens, I cannot say more;
 Then set not my passion a cooling;
 If thou yield it not at once, I must e'en give thee o're,
 For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it shall make up in
 deeds,
 Then why should we waste time in stuff, child?
 A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds;
 A word to the wife is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known,
 But I hate all protesting and arguing:
 Had a goddess my heart, she should e'en lie alone,
 If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
 Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying;
 Pr'ythee be thou so too, seek for no better term,
 But e'en throw thy yea or thy nay in.

I cannot bear love like a chancery suit,
 The age of a patriarch depending;
 Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
 Give it one way or other an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
 Like the grace of fanatical finners,
 Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow
 cool,
 Before men sit down to their dinners.

SONG 112.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate in a fair country town;
 May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
 May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears
 away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance on which I may look;
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
 May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son, nor teal,
 And clean, tho' coarse, linen at every meal.
 May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, with stout humming li-
 quor,
 And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
 To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.
 May I govern, &c.

With courage undaunted may I face my last day;
 And when I am dead, may the better sort say,
 In the morning when sober, in the ev'ning when mel-
 low,
 He's gone, and han't left behind him his fellow;
 For he govern'd his passions with an absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

SONG

SONG 113.

IF gold could lengthen life, I swear,
 It then should be my chiefest care
 To get a heap, that I might say,
 When death came to demand his pay,
 Thou slave, take this, and go thy way.

But since life is not to be bought,
 Why should I plague myself for nought;
 Or foolishly disturb the skies
 With vain complaints or fruitless cries?
 For if the fatal destinies
 Have all agreed it shall be so,
 What good will gold or cōing do.

Give me, to ease my thirsty soul,
 The joys and comforts of the bowl;
 Freedom and health, and whilst I live,
 Let me not want what love can give;
 Then shall I die in peace, and have
 This consolation in the grave,
 That once I had the world my slave.

SONG 114.

IF wine be a cordial, why does it torment?
 If a poison, oh tell me, whence comes my content?
 Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I complain;
 Or repent ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart,
 That at once it both drowns and enlivens the heart;
 I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
 By jolly complexion I make my joy known.

But

But oh ! how I'm blest ! when strong it does prove,
 By its sovereign heat to expel that of love ;
 When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,
 And am wrapt in such pleasures as still want a name.

SONG 115.

IN good king CHARLES's golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 A zealous high-church-man I was,
 And so I got preferment.
 To teach my flock I never mist,
 Kings are by God appointed :
 And those are damn'd that do resist,
 Or touch the Lord's anointed ;
 And this is law, I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal JAMES obtain'd the throne,
 And pop'ry grew in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the declaration :
 The church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution ;
 And had become a Jesuit,
 But for the revolution.
 And this is law, &c.

When WILLIAM was our king declar'd,
 To ease the nation's grievance ;
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance ;

Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance;
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance.
 And this is law, &c.

When gracious ANNE became our queen,
 The church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory:
 Occasional conformist's base,
 I damn'd their moderation,
 And thought the church in danger was
 By such prevarication.
 And this is law, &c.

When GEORGE in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, Sir;
 I turn'd a cat-in pan once more,
 And so became a Whig, Sir;
 And thus preferment I procur'd
 By our new faith's defender;
 And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
 The pope and the pretender.
 And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
 And protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear,
 While they can keep possession:
 For in my faith and loyalty,
 I never more will falter,
 And GEORGE my lawful king shall be,
 Unless the times should alter
 And this is law, I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be vicar of Bray, Sir.

SONG 116.

IN spite of love, at length I find
 A mistress that will please me,
 Her humour free and unconfin'd,
 Both night and day she'll ease me;
 No jealous thoughts disturb my mind;
 Tho' she's enjoy'd by all mankind;
 Then drink, and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you through all her naked charms,
 Her little mouth discover,
 Then take her blushing to your arms,
 And use her like a lover;
 Such liquor she'll distil from thence,
 As will transport your ravish'd sense;
 Then kiss, and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

But, best of all! she has no tongue,
 Submissive she obeys me;
 She's truly better old than young,
 And still to smiling sways me;
 Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
 And has a most delicious smack:
 Then kiss, and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you her excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
 Clap your hands about her waist,
 And raise her up behind, Sir;
 As for her bottom never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out;
 Then drink, and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

SONG 117. LET'S BE JOVIAL.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
Noble deeds are done by wine;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces,
Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find,
More than Phillis has, tho' going
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about at council board:
He subdu'd the world by drinking
More than by his conqu'ring sword.

SONG 118. TUNE JOLLY MORTALS, &c.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by asses,
And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Let not such vain thoughts oppress us,
Riches are to them a snare;
We are all as rich as Cræsus,
Drink away, and drive off care.

Wine will make us fresh as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget;
Come let's fuddle all our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When

When grim death is looking for us,
 We're carousing o'er our bowls,
 Bacchus joining in the chorus,
 Cries, death, be gone! here's none but souls.

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,
 Trembling death away shall fly,
 Ever after understanding
 Drinking souls can never die.

SONG. 119.

LET soldiers fight for pay or praise,
 And money be the miser's wish;
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish:
 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls;
 Therefore fill us the cheering bowls.

Let minions marshal ev'ry hair,
 And in a lover's look delight,
 And artificial colours wear:
 Pure wine is native red and white.
 'Tis wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull;
 Opens the heart that loves to save,
 And kindness flows from cups brim-full.
 'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
 Some want a wife, and some a punk;
 Some men want wit, and others wealth;
 But they want nothing that are drunk.
 'Tis wine, &c.

SONG 120.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delights;
Which, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That false joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation,
But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.

SONG 121.

A favourite Two Part SONG. Set by Mr. TRAVERS.

The Words by MATT. PRIOR.

WHEN Bibb thought fit from the world to re-
treat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he snid,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
"Trim the boat, and sit quiet!" stern Charon re-
ply'd;
"You may have forgot—you were drunk when you
dy'd."

SONG

SONG 122.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover,
 Ye registers of heav'n, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon be bar-a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

But hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks that dwell above the sky;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow
 We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

SONG 123. FRIENDSHIP and WINE.

Sung by Mr. GILSON, at Vauxhall.

LET the grave and the gay,
 Enjoy life how they may
 My pleasures their pleasures surpass;
 Go the world well or ill,
 'Tis the same with me still,
 If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh,
 The courtier may lie,
 And Croesus his treasure amass;
 All the joys are but vain,
 That are blended with pain;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires,
 And creates new desires,
 And oft wins the lover his lass,
 Or his courage prepares
 To disdain the nymph's airs;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain,
 The sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a class
 Then enliven the clay,
 Let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine
 Only life can refine:
 We care not whate'er comes to pass
 With courtiers, or great men
 There's none of us statesmen:
 Come here's to our friend and our glass.

SONG

SONG 124. LOVE and AFFECTION.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. YATES.

WHEN youth mature to manhood grew,
 Soon beauty touch'd my heart;
 From vein to vein love's light'ning flew,
 With pleasing, painful smart:
 My bosom dear content forsook,
 And sooth'd the soft dejection;
 The melting eye, the speaking look,
 Prov'd love and sweet affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,
 What could a shepherd do?
 And to submit to sad despair,
 Was not the way to woo.
 At length I told the lovely maid,
 I hop'd she'd no objection
 To talk (while round her Lambkins play'd)
 Of love and sweet affection.

A blush my Chloe's cheek bedeck'd,
 A blush devoid of guile,
 "And what from me, can you expect?"
 She answer'd with a smile.
 "How many nymphs have been betray'd,
 "Through want of calm reflection?
 "Then don't my peace of mind invade
 "With love and sweet affection."

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
 In wedlock's bands let's join;
 My kids, my kine, my herds, my cot,
 My soul itself is thine.

To

To church I led the charming fair,
 To Hymen's kind protection;
 And now life's dearest joys we share
 With love and sweet affection.

SONG 125. Sung by Mr. COOKE,
 at Sadler's Wells.

MY dog and my mistress are both of a kind,
 As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind;
 My dog follows ev'ry strange heel in the streets,
 And my mistress is fond of each fellow she meets:
 Yet, in spite of her arts, I'll not make the least strife,
 But be cherry and merry, and happy thro' life.

Go miss where she will, and whenever she please,
 Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy tease;
 Her freedom shall never imbitter my glee,
 One woman's the same as another to me:
 So, in spite of her airs, I'll not make the least strife,
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine
 For false-hearted gypsies they title divine;
 At worst of my love-fits no physic I ask,
 But that which is found in the bowl or the flask;
 For go things how they will, I'll not make the least
 strife,
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

The girl that behaves with good humour and sense,
 Shall still to my heart have the warmest pretence;
 And for those that would jilt me, deceive, and betray,
 In honefter bumpers I'll wash them away.
 'Tis my final resolve, not to make the least strife,
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

SONG

S O N G. 126. A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in APOLLO and DAPHNE.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew drops be-
hold;

The lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay :
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slaves of the state hunt the smiles of the court ;
No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still give us a zest to our joy.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
And the artful coquette tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health ;
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to
roam,
And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

With

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
 While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

S O N G 127. Sung by Mr. YATES in the
 CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

TH O' my features, I am told,
 Are grown wrinkled and old,
 Dull wisdom I hate and detest;
 Not a wrinkle is there,
 Which is furrow'd with care,
 And my heart is as light as the best.
 When I look on my boys,
 They renew all my joys,
 Myself in my children I see;
 While the comforts I find
 In the kingdom, my mind,
 Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
 Oh! I caper'd and sung,
 The lasses came flocking a-pace;
 But now turn'd of threescore,
 I can do so no more—
 Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleasures we crack;
 For we still love the smack
 And chuckle o'er what we have been;
 Why should we repine?
 You've had your's I've had mine,
 And now let our children begin.

SONG 128. Sung by Mr. BEARD, in LOVE
IN A VILLAGE.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd, he sung, from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he:

And this the burden of his song
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, no not I,
If nobody cares for me.

SONG 129. Sung by Mrs. MATTOCKS, in
LOVE IN A VILLAGE,

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part:
Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion
To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind:
Cupid, god, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to rest;
Childish mummery at best.
Happy I in humble state!
Catch ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
Cupid, god of, &c.

SONG 130. Sung by Mr. BEARD, in LOVE
IN A VILLAGE.

ONS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like
this;
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kifs?
The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)
Wou'd do the same thing, were they in the same place;
No age, no profession, no station is free;
T'o sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose:
We all love a pretty girl under the rose.

SONG 131. Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in
THOMAS AND SALLY. Set by Dr. ARNE.

LIFE's a garden, rich in treasure,
Bury'd like the seeds in earth:
There lie joy, contentment, pleasure;
But 'ts love that gives them birth.

That warm sun its aid denying,
We no happiness can taste;
But in cold obstruction lying,
Life is all one barren waste.

SONG 132. Sung by Mr. DUNSTAL, in LOVE
IN A VILLAGE.

A Plague of these wenches! they make such a pother,
When once they have let'n a man have his will;
They're always a whining for something or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage.

What

What thof he ſpeak 'em ne'ar ſo fairly,
 Still they keep teasing, teasing on,
 You cannot perſuade 'em ;
 'Till promiſe you've made 'em ;
 And after they've got it,
 They'll tell you—ad rot it !
 Their character's blaſted, they'r ruin'd, undone :
 And then, to be ſure, Sir,
 Their is but one cure, Sir,
 And all their diſcourſe is of marriage.

S O N G 133. Sung by Sig. PERETTI, in
 ARTAXERXES.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
 Were to each other known ;
 And friendſhip in our riper years,
 Had twin'd our hearts in one ;

O ! clear him then from this offence ;
 Thy love, thy duty prove ;
 Reſtore him with that innocence
 Which firſt inspir'd my love.

S O N G 134. Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in
 ARTAXERXES.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, love,
 A conqueſt I believ'd,
 The flatt'ring error ceaſe to prove,
 O ! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
 Which love did firſt create ;
 What was my pride is now my ſhame,
 And muſt be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah! I feel to much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

SONG 135. Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in
ARTAXERXES.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove:
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
Nor, with rancour never ending,
Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove:
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
I, alas, at once have lost
Father, brother, lover, friend!

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove:
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

SONG 136. MAY, the MOTHER of LOVE.

Written by Mr. CUNNINGHAM. Set by Mr. LONG.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villager's vows,
 The birds fondly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs.
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above;
 We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,
 Hail May, as the mother of love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,
 Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine;
 The pinks by the rivulet's side,
 That border the vernal alcove,
 Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,
 For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array;
 If the larks and the linnets now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May:
 The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
 And, murmuring, seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins, be sportive and gay;
 Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds in tune,
 For music must welcome the May:
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
 That May is the mother of love.

SONG 137. THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON.

The Words by G. A. STEVENS.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
 Merry Momus among them was fat as a guest,
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing):
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove;
 He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

“ Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
 “ Grows grievously tired of late ;
 “ He says that mankind are much worse than before,
 “ So he begs to be eas'd of their weight.”
 Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
 And she hung it high up in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
 To see what each climate was worth :
 Like a di'mond the whole with an atmosphere bound,
 And she variously planted the earth :
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
 What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
 And FREEDOM she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root ;
 The blossoms of LIBERTY 'gan then to smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit:

Thus

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n!
 We will while we've breath; nay, we'll grasp it in
 death,
 Then return it untainted to heaven.

S O N G 138. Set by Dr. Boyce.

B ID me, when forty winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow;
 When from my head, a scanty store,
 Lankly the wither'd tresses flow
 When the warm tide, that bold and strong
 Now rolls impetuous on and free.
 Languid and slow scarce creeps along;
 Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene
 Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
 Unerring guide, could only mean,
 That age should reason—youth desire.
 Shall then that rebel, man, presume
 (Inverting nature's law) to seize
 The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
 And join impossibilities?

No!—let me waste the frolic May
 In wanton joys and wild excess,
 In revel sport, and laughter gay,
 And mirth, and rosy cheerfulness.
 Woman, the soul of all delights,
 And wine, the aid of love, be near:
 All charms me thar to joy incites,
 And ev'ry she that's kind, is fair.

SONG 139. A favourite DUET, and CHORUS,
in the Oratorio of JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

SEE the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the godlike youth advance,
Breath the flutes and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

SONG 140. A favourite Song, sung by Mrs.
SCOT, in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS. Set by Mr.
BAILDON.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content;
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known:
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love;
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are her charms!
How delightful her embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield;
For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

SONG

SONG 141.

The ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

A Cantata, taken from the celebrated Print of the ingenious Mr. HOGARTH.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 (Where sad despair and famine always dwells)
 A meagre Frenchman, madame Grandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took,
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd fir-loin,
 On which in vain he often wish'd to dine;
 Good father Dominic by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
 Who when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd;
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd.

AIR.

(*A lovely lass to a friar came, &c.*)

O rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee, -
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd fir-loin, oft times decreed
 The theme of English ballad;
 On thee, e'en kings have deign'd to feed
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frog, and fallad!

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

A half starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
Who such a sight before had never seen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the British food;
His morning's mess forsook the (friendly bowl)
And in small streams along the pavement stole:
He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
And then, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Die! vat do I see yonder,
Dat look so tempting red and vire?
Begar it is de roast beef from Londree;
O! grant to me van letal bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies,
In kind compassion unto my pleading,
Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE,

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
(Whose brazen front his country did betray)
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread;
Soon as the well known prospect he descry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd ;

AIR.

(Ellen a Roon)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
So taking thy sight is,
My joy that so light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.

While

While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,

Ah, hard hearted Loui!

Why did I come to you?

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from
starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fat,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside:
With lifted hands he bless'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case:

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was so blythe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great!

O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down.

Ah, Charley! hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'u,
E'er I had gang'd wi' thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see, my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite;
Where smiling freedom guards great George's throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known

Tho'

Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time, a young frog pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, Son, to attempt it your surely to blame:

O the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard, made him burst.

O the roast beef,

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear;
The ox is Old England; the Frog is Monsieur;
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear,

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the sir-loin smoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.]

O the roast beef of Old England.
And O the old English roast beef.

SONG 142.

The Words made to a favourite SCOTCH AIR, in the
Overture of THOMAS AND SALLY.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO at RANELAGH. Set by
Dr. ARNE.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came:
But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
She careless turn'd her spinning-weel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and small;
Unusual joy her heart did feel;
But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waste
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd;
To kiss her hand he down did kneel:
But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise;
He blest'd her neck, her lips, and eyes:
Her fondness she could scarce conceal;
Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton thought she quickly guess'd:
Then push'd him from the rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
He swore he meant her for his bride:
'Twas then her love she did reveal,
And flung away her spinning-wheel.

M

SONG

SONG 143. Sung by Mr LOWE.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair;
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
 The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
 Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
 And poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed;
 While age, in an ecstasy, hobbling along,
 Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on the board:
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
 'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

SONG 144.

Sung in the DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHenever I'm going, and all the day long,
 Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
 That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my song.
 Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
 Balinamone ora, a kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose ;
 I sleep all the day to forget all my woes :
 So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
 By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my clothes,
 Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
 Your pretty black hair for me,

In conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.
 Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
 Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
 With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and I'll
 stride!

In a coach an six horses with honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the church by your side,
 Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,
 Your little white fist for me,

SONG 145. CYMON and IPHIGENIA. A Cantata,

Sung by Mr. BEARD. Set by Dr. ARNE.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 shade
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose :
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was slumping to the neighb'ring grove :

M 2

He

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought:
But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
He gap'd—he star'd! her lovely form survey'd;
And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

AIR.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
Completes the rural scene,
Completes the rural scene:
But in thy bosom, charming maid,
All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
Too lovely Iphigene,
Too lovely Iphigene!

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands;
Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands:
Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear;
Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
Half-rais'd, with gentle accent she replies,
Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain;
Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
The clown, transported, was not silent long,
But thus with ecstasy pursu'd his song:

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
In wanton ringlets, down thy neck;
Thy love-inspiring mien,
Thy love inspiring mien;
Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
And taper shape, inchant me so,
I die for Iphigene,
I die for Iphigene.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense;
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gait;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead;
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

AIR.

Love's a pure a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;
 Love can rage itself control,
 And elevate, and elevate the human soul:
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of two long date;
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 Blest with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above,
 What angels do above.

SONG 146. DUET.

Sung by Mr. BEARD and Miss YOUNG,

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
 But still we pursue, and now come in view of the glo-
 rious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
 And, winged with fear, he redoubles his speed:

M 3

But

But, oh ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that, he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the
 cries;
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
 And he pants till with well-scented hounds surrounded
 he dies.

SONG 147.

Sung at VAUXHALL. Set by Dr. ARNE.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass
 That e'er gave shepherd glee;
 Not May-day in its morning-dress
 Is half so fair as she;
 Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
 And fancy'd forms adore;
 Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,
 You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill.
 Where bees their honey sip,
 Did you but know the sweets, that dwell
 On Sally's love-taught lip:
 But, ah ! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
 The ripe temptation shun;
 Or else like me you'll wear her chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,
 And lark-like hail'd the morn;
 More sportive than the kids I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the lawn:
 To ev'ry maid love tales I told,
 And did my truth aver;
 Yet ere the parting-kiss was cold
 I laugh'd at love and her.

But

But now the gloomy grove I seek,
Where love-lorn shepherds stray;
There to the winds my grief I speak,
And sigh my soul away :
Nought but despair my fancy paints,
No dawn of hope I see ;
For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
So late my only care,
Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
And stray'd I know not where :
Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat;
My lambkins lost, adieu !
No more we on the plains shall meet,
For lost's your shepherd too.

SONG 148. The UNION OF LOVE AND WINE.

Set by Mr. BAILDON.

WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without these is a bubble of air ;
For life without these, &c.
Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
And a new flow of spirits enliven my soul ;
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my conduct for them ;
I care not how much they my measures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love :

And

And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the
vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half-di-
vine,

First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine;
Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my las,,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glafs.

S O N G 149. Sung in the CHAPLET.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the
heart,

While thus we sit down on the grafs:
The lover who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an as, an as,
Deserves to be reckon'd an as.

The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mas,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an as,
Deserves, &c.

The beau who so smart, with his well-powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glafs,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an as,
Deserves, &c.

Then

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;
And oft while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on the ass,
Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well fronted with brags,
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
There you, my good friend, are the ass,
There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this class;
The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
But death proves the doctor an ass,
But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take our bottle and lass;
For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass,

SONG 150. Sung in LETHE.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd:

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

SONG 151.

Sung by Mr. LOWE. Set by Mr. ARNE.

I Seek not at once in a female to find
 The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind;
 Let the fair one I love have but prudence in view,
 That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true:
 Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean;
 Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mien:
 By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
 Nor indebted to paint—nor indebted to paint
 For white or for red—for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of the sex,
 Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex;
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
 For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest:

May

May her humour the taste of the company hit:
 Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit:
 Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
 And I'll love her for ever—I'll love her for ever,
 —I mean, if I can—I mean, if I can.

S O N G 152.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, at RANELAGH.

THE breed came forth frae the barn,
 And she was diting her cheeks;
 How can I be married to-day,
 That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets?
 That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,
 And wants a covering too?
 The breed that has aw things to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle to do.
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw;
 And was she not very weel off,
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?

What is the matter? quoth Wolly,
 Though we be scant o' claihs,
 We's creep the claiser together,
 And drive away the flees,
 The summer is coming on,
 And we's get pickles a woo;
 We's fee a lafs of our ain,
 And she'll spin blankets enow.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

'Then up spake the breed's mother,
 The deel stick aw this preed!
 I had ne a plack in my pocket
 The day I was made a breed.

My

My gown was linsy winsey,
 And ne'er a fark at aw;
 And you ha' gowns and buskins,
 Mair than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's fether,
 As he came in frae the plough:
 Hawd your tongue, my daughter,
 And yese get geer enough;
 The flirk that gaus in the tether,
 And our brawd bassen yade,
 To lade your corn in harvest:
 What wad ye ha', you jade?
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's brother,
 As he came home frae the kye;
 Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you,
 Had he known you as weel as I;
 For you're baith proud, and faucy,
 Ne fit for a poor mon's wife;
 Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,
 I'll ne'er ha' ane in my life.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's sister,
 As she sat down by the fire;
 O gin I married to-neet,
 'Tis aw that I'd desire;
 But I, pure girl, must live single,
 And do the best I can;
 I did not care what came o'me,
 So I had but a gude man.
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw;
 And was she not very weel off,
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?

SONG 153. LA MEILLEURE MEDICINE.

SICK of the town, fair Delia flew
 To contemplation's rural seat :
 Adieu, she cry'd, vain world, adieu,
 Fools only study to be great.
 The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
 The moss-grown roof, the matted floor :
 All these she had—'twas mighty well ;
 But yet she wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again
 She soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary pain,
 Quiet of heart, and peace of mind :
 Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour
 By turns her fickle fancy fill ;
 The world seem'd all within her pow'r ;
 But yet she wanted something still.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd :
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale,
 Delia at length became a bride,
 A bride to Damon of the vale :
 Behold, at once the gloom was clear'd ;
 Damon was kind ; and from that hour
 Each place a paradise appear'd,
 And Delia wanted nothing more.

SONG 154.

LOVE'S ELEGY. Set by Mr. BATTISHALL.

FAREWEL, Ianthe, faithless maid,
 Source of my grief and pain,
 Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
 And fann'd love's kindling flame ;

N

Yet

Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
 To Corydon's rich heir,
 Who with gay vestments did adorn
 Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native soil; ye vales,
 High woods, and tufted hills:
 Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,
 Clear streams and crystal rills:
 Adieu; ye bring into my mind
 Those past, those happy days,
 When Iphis found Ianthe kind,
 And pleasure strew'd his ways.

Ere dawn my homely steps I'll bend,
 Where distant mountains rise,
 In hopes that reason there may send
 That aid she here denies;
 That time and absence may efface
 Her image from my breast,
 Which, while she there maintains a place,
 Can never taste of rest.

SONG 155. Sung by Mr. BEARD.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my las,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my
 glafs;
 But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own;
 And, if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare:
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair:
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own :
 But, tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown :
 But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time :
 But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,
 And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd :
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy ;
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
 The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :
 But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends :
 For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life
 With nurses and babies, and squalling and strife :
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring ;
 And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days, when with love we engage ;
 It brings on diseases, and hastens old age :
 But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
 And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to her word,
 She has left me, to get an estate, or a lord :
 But my bumper (regarding not title nor pelf,)
 Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain :
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy :
 Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

SONG. 156.

Sung at VAUXHALL. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight;
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight;
 He wants to be with me where-ever I go;
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side;
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide:
 I bid him depart; but he, smiling, says, No;
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The deuce, &c.

He often requests me his flame to relieve;
 I ask him, what favour he hopes to receive?
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow:
 What mortal besides him would plague a maid so?
 What mortal, &c.

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake,
 And softly entreated I'd wear for his sake:
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow;
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
 I sure, &c.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
 And meets me each morn to conduct me again:
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so.

SONG

S O N G 157.

Set by Dr. ARNE. The Words by Mr. PRIOR.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you stay?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
 You promis'd at two,—look, child! 'tis four;
 A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels;
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals:
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear.—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air,
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord, bless me! says she, let a body but speak;
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck:
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree;
 Look here! for you never believe me, pray see,
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made!
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
 That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

S O N G 158.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in the MAID OF THE MILL.

WHEN a maid, in way of marriage,
 First is courted by a man,
 Let 'un do the best he can,
 She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
 'Tis with pain the suit's began.

Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
 Still she shams it coy and cold;
 Fearing to confess it plainly,
 Left the folks should think her bold.

But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo;
'Tis a different story quite,
And she quickly buckles to.

SONG 159. Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in THE
WINTER'S TALE, Set by Mr. MICHAEL ARNE,

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
must shear,
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free;
And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught;
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught:
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
But we all the children of nature are bred:
By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the
breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open your door;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

SONG 160.

Sung by Mr. LOWE and Mrs. LAMPE

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
 Betfy is my charming bride,
 Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
 Revel all without controul.
 Who so fair as lovely Bet!
 Who so blest'd as Colinet!
 Who so fair as lovely Bet!
 Who so blest'd as Colinet!

Now adieu to maiden arts,
 Angling for unguarded hearts;
 Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
 Lisping wanton girls and boys;
 Girls as fair as lovely Bet,
 Boys as sweet as Colinet.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn
 Now my plenteous barn adorn;
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs;
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet
 Are the charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on Sundays I was seen
 Dress'd like any May-day queen;
 Tho' six sweethearts daily strove
 To deserve thy Betty's love,
 Them I quit without regret,
 All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay,
 Crown with sports our bridal day;

May

May each lad a mistress find,
Like my Betsey, fair and kind;
And each lass a husband get.
Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul;
May the sun ne'er rise or set,
But with joy to happy Bet,
And her faithful Colinet.

S O N G 161. Sung in the Mask of ALFRED.

By THOMPSON.

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain;
Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Theo

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities, &c.

All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles, thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair :
 Blest'd isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 For Britons never shall be slaves.

SONG 162. The COUNTRY WEDDING.

Sung at RANELAGH. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

WELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young
 swain
 To a lovely young shepherdess crossing the plain ;
 Why so much in haste? (now the month it was May)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way?
 Then straight to this question the nymph did reply,
 With a smile in her look and a leer in her eye,
 I came from the village, and homeward I go ;
 And now gentle shepherd, pray why would you
 know?

I hope,

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,
 If I tell you the reason of asking you this;
 I would see you safe home (the swain was in love)
 Of such a companion if you would approve.
 Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,
 But I see no great danger in going alone;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too:
 And if you would like (now the swain he took heart)
 Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part.
 Oh! that's a long word, said the shepherdes then;
 I've often heard say, there's no minding you men;
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
 Then leave a young maiden the first thing you do.

Oh! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my bride;
 To morrow the parson (well said, little swain)
 Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain:
 Then what the nymph answer'd to this is not said;
 The very next morn to be sure they were wed:
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down;
 Now when shall we see such a wedding in town.

SONG 163.

Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at VAUXHALL.

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,
 The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the
 plain;
 I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
 And I'd often say No, when I long'd to say Yes.

Last

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
 And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame:
 Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than their
 fleece;
 I could hardly say No, tho' asham'd to say Yes:
 I could hardly, &c.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove;
 He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his
 love;
 Then tenderly ask'd if I'd grant him a kiss?
 I design'd to have said No, but mistook, and said Yes.
 I design'd, &c.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breast;
 Ye Gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest;
 Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal bliss:
 To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.
 To prevent, &c.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life;
 I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife:
 Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,
 You must all die old maids, if you will not say Yes;
 You must all die old maids, if you will not say Yes.

S O N G 164. The NON-PAREILLE.

Set by Dr. BOYCE.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May;
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove;
 And her face was as fair as the mother of love;

Tho'

Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds
And receives gentle odours from flow'ry beds;
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n snow,
And as lively as tints from young Iris his bow;
As clear as the streams, and as deep as the flood;
She, tho' witty, was wise, and, tho' beautiful, good;
The sweets that each virtue, or grace, had in store,
She cull'd as the bee does the bloom of each flower,
Which treasur'd for me, Oh! how happy was I;
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

SONG 165. Sung in ELIZA,
an ENGLISH OPERA.

WITH swords on their thighs the bold yeomen
are seen,
For their country they arm, their religion, and queen.
How glorious their ardour to lay down their lives
In defence of their freedom, their children and wives!

Ye tyrants, ye know not what liberty yields,
How she guards all our shores, and protects all our
fields.

As Hebe she's fair, and as Hercules strong,
She's the queen of our mirth, and the joy of our song.

To liberty raise the high cheerful strain,
Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main,
Eliza is queen, and her brave loyal band
Shall drive each invader far out of the land.

SONG

SONG. 166. Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in the
BEGGARS OPERA.—GAY.

VIRGINS are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring;
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, as yet sweet;
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

SONG 167. The CONTENTED MILLER.

By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON, at RANELAGH.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows——(a freehold
estate)

A well-meaning miller by labour supplies
Those blessings that nature to grand ones denies;
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are health and content:
Their lordships, in lace, may take note, if they will,
For he's honest—tho' daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the larks early carrol salutes the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair:

O

While

While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
 Of bribing elections, in hopes to be great;
 No fraud nor ambition his bosom does fill,
 Contented he works if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
 At church he's the loudest to chant or to pray;
 Sits down to a dinner of plain English food;
 And, tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good:
 At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
 He quaffs at the ale-house with Roger and John;
 'Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
 —No monarch's more blest than the man of the mill.

SONG 168. THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE,

Sung by Mrs. ARNE, at VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. MICHAEL ARNE.

O SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn;
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When naething can please me;
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
 Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Y't nane of them pleases mine eye nor mine ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dianna appear.

That

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell ;
 I'm fash'd with their scorning
 Baith ev'ning and morning ;
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When through the wood, laddie, I wander my sel.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,
 But quick as an arrow
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
 When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing
 and play.

SONG 169. THE CHOICE SPIRIT'S LOTTERY.

By HARRY HOWARD.

YE national schemers, a while give me leave,
 A scheme I'll advance that shall no one deceive ;
 No humbug I mean, fet on foot by the great,
 Tho' a lottery's my scheme—it is not of state.

No ——— your tickets divide into shares,
 To plunder your pockets and heighten your cares,
 No blanks to depress you come in my design,
 The wheel is good humour, the prize is—good wine.

From a scheme such as this, what delight must accrue
 To a people who always give Bacchus his due.
 Choice god of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
 The cause I'll relate you, so justly admir'd.

'Tis wine gives that freedom we always maintain,
 The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain ;
 'Tis wine gives us wit, and ennobles our sense,
 And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence.

The hero aspires to conquest and arms,
The lover despises his mistress's charms;
The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
Replete with the pow'r giving juice of the vine.

Then our lottery attend, all who love frisk and fun,
You are sure of a prize, for no more than a crown;
Apollo and Bacchus here jointly agree
To take off the hip, and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of Plutus, who values his self,
To be happy for once—steal a crown from himself;
Ye sons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies,
The whole course is a blank—here you're sure of a
prize.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whoever may please,
Leave your sighing and care, here you'll quickly find
ease;
Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
This ev'ning we draw, Sir, at—Comus's-hall.

SONG 170. The CONVERT.

Written by HARRY HOWARD.

Tune, YE PRIGS THAT ARE TROUBL'D.

W HILE Whit—d and W—tly, with cant and
parade,

Th' enjoyments of life and its pleasures degrade,
And draw from pure nature, men-gudgeons by shoals,
By that orthodox humbug—the saving of souls:

Per-

Permit me a wonder more strange to declare,
Of a youth, who but lately fell—out of the snare:
From whose early workings and manner so quaint,
The faithful, with pleasure, had mark'd for a saint.

'Twas past ten o'clock by that watchman old Time,
When (as Satan would have it, who prompted the crime)
A tavern being open, young Pious went in
To preach to the wicked, and rail against sin:
Some jolly spirits, whose only design
Was to heighten their mirth by the help of good wine,
His fancy so tickled and touch'd to the quick,
That it cur'd his sore conscience of h—ll and Old Nick.

From singing of hymns, he now alter'd his note,
And a catch of good humour he soon got by rote:
From sighing and groaning, young Pious, thus won,
Finds relief in the glass with good humour and fun:
No more of your cant, the new convert now cries,
Conviction and reason have open'd my eyes:
Enjoy what you can, boys, since die we all must,
The present we're sure of—the future—I'll trust.

SONG 171.

The ADMONITION. By HARRY HOWARD.

TUNE, SURE A LASS IN HER BLOOM.

TO you that are lovers these lines I address,
Attend to my song, wou'd you woo with success,
Nor you, ye bright females, my boldness despise,
Since all must be bold to approach your bright eyes.

First mark well her humour, if serious or gay,
If she's mostly inclin'd to her dress or to play;
Indulge her in each, for from this you will find,
She'll approve your addressees, and sooner be kind.

If fond of her beauty, her passion is praise,
By some gentle sonnet your merit you'll raise;
There sing of her lips, her bright eyes, and her hair,
And tell her not Venus with her can compare.

Shou'd some rival toast her dread envy provoke,
Rail with her—then laugh in your sleeve at the joke;
If she's partial, to please her and flatter her pride,
(Tho' gainst your own conscience)—be still on her side.

These rules, if observ'd, will your passion befriend,
For all female sense is but pride in the end;
And this is the text, what they like or despise,
The same you must censure, the same seem to prize.

SONG 172. The WEDDING-NIGHT.

WHEN first I saw my fair in bed,
Her cheek with crimson blushes spread,
The blushes of a maid:
How throb'd with joy my am'rous breast,
While Delia in my arms I prest,
Half yielding, half afraid.

At length my fair, at length I cry'd,
No longer cruelly deny'd,
The mighty joy we prove;
In search of unexperienc'd blis,
Increas'd by ev'ry burning kiss,
I now attend my love.

Then

Then pressing still with eager haste,
The lovely cestus of her waist
Was once for all unbound:
Transported with the mighty joy,
Alas! she cries my glorious boy,
What bliss in love is found!

Thus lock'd within each other's arms,
I rifled all my Delia's charms,
Her charms are all divine:
Around the still supporting tree,
Thus fasten'd with eternal glee,
Inclines the am'rous vine.

S O N G 173. The CHOICE SPIRITS.

Tune, STAND ROUND MY BRAVE BOYS.

SIT round, my brave boys, and assist my bad voice,
As loud to the world I declare,
While a bumper can flow, that we'll ne'er cease to
shew
How joyous the choice spirits are, &c.

The foldier must arm at the trumpet's alarm,
For battle he's bid to prepare;
He our foes puts to rout, we the bottle put about,
To shew what the choice spirits are, &c.

The bucks the town yields, and the bucks of the fields,
Who are chacing the harlot or hare,
No more risques would pursue, but the bottle keep in
view,
Did they hunt where the choice spirits are, &c.

The

The prude that pretends, that a man's touch offends,
 And to die an old maid will declare;
 Did she take a glass of this, she would ne'er take
 amiss,
 To try what the Choice Spirits are, &c.

Ye love-sick poetic, ye poets dramatic,
 Ye buskins who tragedy tear;
 Leave the paper-wasting art, quit each rant, and each
 start,
 And as Choice Spirits act if you dare, &c.

From the tutor got free, a la mode a Paris,
 See the fop with his puff powder'd hair;
 He'd his looking-glass forsake, if to drinking he'd
 take,
 And come where the Choice Spirits are, &c.

By no party perplex'd, wit and wine is our text,
 Love and friendship then form up the square;
 Neither int'rest old or new, neither Gypsy or Jew,
 Come under a Choice Spirit's care, &c.

No more I'll rehearse, But I'll here end my verse,
 Tho' it is on a subject so rare;
 With a bumper before us, we'll sing in full chorus,
 The Choicest of Spirits we are, &c, &c.

S O N G. 174.

Tune, Sing Tantararara Masks all.

YE well chose Choice Spirits who blazon this
 throng,
 Offended be not at this joke of a song;
 No party, profession, nor sex I provoke,
 No satire I sing, for I sing but in joke,
 Sing tantarara joke all.

Le

Let Stoics pretend to set jests at defiance,
 Let schoolmen pedantical preach up for science,
 Let self-thinking wise ones a sapience call,
 What's all that they know? why a joke's worth it all.
 Sing tantarara &c.

That life's like a song, preach the sages of old;
 Poets make it a tale, by a poor idiot told;
 Gay calls it a jest, but 'tis proper each man
 Of this song, tale, or joke, to make all that he can.
 Sing tantarara, &c.

The lady observe, when the lover grows pressing,
 How faint she forbids his attempts at possessing!
 With a frown, by love soften'd, she cries 'tis provok-
 ing,
 O dear sir, be quiet; yet she is but joking.
 Sing tantarara, &c.

When the tithe-taking priest would a bishopric choose,
 The first time 'tis offer'd, in jest he'll refuse;
 He gravely cries, no; but, tho' gravely he spoke,
 When you see him a bishop, you see 'twas a joke.
 Sing tantarara, &c.

When the bait of electors, in English a bribe,
 Is offer'd, or thrust on the vote selling tribe,
 They cry, O dear God! Why, my lord! nay, I've
 sworn!
 Yet they pocket the pelf, and are mad 'twas no more.
 Sing tantarara, &c.

Tho' the wife may admit in her dull husband's room
 The white stocking footman, or stable-bred groom,
 She don't think that her vow at the altar is broke,
 For she meant by her marriage no more than a joke.
 Sing tantarara, &c.

We

We are all made a joke of, by one or another,
This drolls on his father, and that on his brother.
By ev'ry day's practice, our wits have confess'd,
That they sooner would forfeit their friend than their
jest.

Sing tantarara, &c.

The joke thus goes on from our cradle to coffin,
The time fill'd between is fit only for laughing,
The last joke I mention, I'm sure you'll attest;
For you all must allow that my singing's a jest.

Sing tantarara, &c.

S O N G 175.

THIS world is a stage
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in a throng:
But all in confusion,
Mere folly, delusion,
And, faith, nothing else but a song;
A song, a song,
And, faith, nothing else but a song.

The parson so grave,
Says your soul he will save,
And point the right way from the wrong,
After piously teaching,
And long-winded preaching,
And puts of his flock with a song, &c.

The doctor he fills
You with bolus and pills,
With assurance to make you live long;

But

But believe me 'tis true,
The guinea's in view,
And the rest it is all but a song, &c.

The surgeon so bold
His lancet doth hold,
And flashes your body along;
Small wounds he enlarges,
To swell up your charges,
His art like the rest is a song, &c.

The soldier he rattles
Of sieges and battles,
And actions that he's been among;
His preferment and spirit
Are both like his merit,
You see they are bought for a song, &c.

The master he cries,
See the clouds how they rise,
Up aloft, my brisk lads, it blows strong;
Boy, make us some flip,
And I'll warrant the ship
Will soon reach her port, is his song, &c.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
The lawyer he scribbles,
And moves his mellifluous tongue;
'Twixt demur and vacation,
He'll raise expectation,
Then sink your estate to a song, &c.

The merchant is bent
On his twenty per cent,
To him journal and ledger belong;
Commission with charges,
His profit enlarges,
Till his balance may end in a song, &c.

With

With powder and lace,
 And effeminate face,
 The gay fop behold strutting along;
 Just arriv'd from his travels,
 At nothing he levels,
 But just a dance and a song, &c.

The gentle coquet,
 She's all in a fret,
 In the morn if her toilet be wrong;
 The whole day she will pass
 To consult her dear glass,
 And at dight die away with a song, &c.

The surly old prude
 She will say you are rude
 For the bliss tho' she secretly long;
 But take her aside,
 You may manage her pride,
 And her virtue bring down to a song, &c.

The courtier he smiles
 At the time he beguiles,
 And feeds you with promises long:
 He squeezes your hand,
 And calls you his friend,
 Tho he means nothing more than a song, &c.

Then let us be jolly,
 Drive hence melancholy,
 Since we are brave fellows among;
 Taste life as it passes,
 And fill up our glasses,
 And each honest blade sing a song,
 A song, a song,
 And each honest blade sing a song, &c.

SONG 176. A favourite Song, sung by
Mrs. PINTO at RANELAGH.

THE gaudy tulip swells with pride,
And rears its beauties to the sun,
With heav'n-born tints of Iris's bow;
While low the vi'let springs beside,
As in the shade it strives to shun
The hand of some rapacious foe.

Of worth intrinsic, small the store
That from the tulip can arise,
When parted from its glowing bed:
While hid the vi'let charms the more.
Like incense in its native skies.
When cropt to grace the virgin head.

Then think, ye fair ones, how these flow'rs
Are wrought in nature's various robe:
Where pride declines, and merit thrives,
Your virgin dignity o'er-pow'rs
The heroes of the conquer'd globe,
But sweet compliance make you wives.

SONG 177.

AT Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
And it may be they dwell there still,
Much riches indeed did'nt fall to their share,
They kept a small farm and a mill:
But fully content with what they did get,
They knew not of guile or of arts;
One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
And she was the pride of their hearts.

P

Nut-

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was straight,
 Her eyes were as black as a sloe:
 Her teeth were milk-white, full smart was her gait,
 And sleek was her skin as a doe:
 All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 No bit of true blue could be spy'd,
 A child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door;
 Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd,

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and smil'd as he lay,
 She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest:
 But who do you think she had got for her prize?
 Why love, the fly master of arts;
 No sooner he wak'd, but he dropp'd his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am love; but, oh, be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make shake at my will,
 So good, and so kind have you been, my fair maid,
 No harm shall you feel from my skill;
 My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
 A friend you shall find in me still;
 Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she,
 The Venus of Totterdown-hill.

SONG 178.

THE wicked wits, as fancy hits, all satirize the fair,
 In prose and rhyme, and strains sublime, their
 foibles they declare;
 The kind are bold, the chaste are cold, these prudish,
 those too free,
 Ye curious men, come tell us then, what must a wo-
 man be?

But

But hard's the task, and vain to ask, where optics are
 untrue,
 The muse shall here, th' indicted clear, and prove the
 crime on you :
 The rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd on whom his
 wish was plac'd ;
 The fool deny'd, affects the pride, and rails (to be in
 taste).

But not like those the men of bliss their sure criterion
 fix ;
 Now wisdom cries, my son arise, and vindicate the
 sex ;
 'Tis theirs to prove the sweets of love, which other
 never share,
 An evidence, that none have sense, but who adore the
 fair.

Ye lovely race, with ev'ry grace celestially impress'd,
 'Tis your's to quell the cares that dwell within the hu-
 man breast :
 At beauty's voice, our souls rejoice, and rapture wakes
 to mirth ;
 For Jove design'd th' enchanting kind to form an hea-
 ven on earth.

With ev'ry art to win the heart, ye dear inspirers
 try,
 Each native charm with passion warm, and let love's
 light'ning fly ;
 And hence, ye grave, your counsel save, which youth
 but sets at nought,
 For women still will have their will ; and so I think
 they ought.

SONG 179. PARNEL.

MY days have been so won'drous free
 The little birds that fly;
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were scarce so blest as I:
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd the stream;
 Or ask the passing gales if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught,
 The tender chains of soft desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought:
 And eager hope within my breast
 Does ev'ry doubt controul,
 And lovely Nancy stands confess'd
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle ecchoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love:
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 And make a young unpractis'd heart
 To be for ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it were for her;
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress:
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

[173]

But if she treats me with disdain,
Or flights my well-meant love,
Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
A pain she won't remove.
Farewel, ye birds and lonely pines,
Adieu to tears and sighs,
I'll leave my passion to the winds;
Love unreturn'd soon dies.

S O N G 180.

BLAB not what you ought to smother,
Honour's laws should sacred be,
Boasting favours from another,
Ne'er will favour gain with me.

But, inspir'd with indignation,
Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
Ere I trust my reputation
With such fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,
Never should the same reveal;
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure,
Cautious would his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
Shall my fame from censure save;
One where truth and prudence center,
And as secret as the grave.

S O N G 181.

A Nymph there lives, whom many a swain
Has sigh'd for oft, but sigh'd in vain,
And borne the insults and disdain
Of proud but handsome Molly.

Around her throng'd the wits and beaus,
 With cringes, compliments, and bows,
 And drefs, and oaths, and lies, and vows,
 All strove for lovely Molly.

The charms that deck'd this fav'rite maid
 In verse and prose were sung and said:
 (For wits will write and beaus may read)
 O happy, happy Molly!

But see triumphant beauty's pride!
 In vain was wit and nonsense try'd,
 Beaus, fops, nay flatterers, were deny'd
 By haughty, haughty Molly.

So long coquetted the vain fair,
 Time, that e'en beauty scorns to spare,
 Stole e'er the eyes, the cheeks, the hair
 Of silly, heedless Molly.

Paint, powder, patches are apply'd—
 No arts the sad disgrace can hide:
 The fops forsake, the wits deride
 Their once-lov'd charming Molly.

Unheeded now at ball or play,
 She hates the pretty, blames the gay—
 Ah! who one tender thing will say
 To poor deserted Molly?
 Yet still she ling'ring haunts the scene,
 Where once she acted beauty's queen,
 And ev'ry simple heart had been
 The slave of tyrant Molly.

At length with fruitless hope worn out,
 She quits the giddy youthful rout,
 And turns so monstrously devout,
 No saint was e'er like Molly:
 Yet, while this solemn garb she wears,
 Each world by turns employs her cares,
 And slander, sermons, cards, and pray'rs,
 Divide still wretched Molly.

SONG

SONG 182.

WHERE shall Celia fly for shelter,
 In what secret grove or cave?
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave:
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs, and still she burns;
 Cupid shoots like Hayman's archer,
 Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
 If discretion guide us not,
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot;
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the peer;
 Now some subtle, mean invader,
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O discretion, thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grandmamma's mistake;
 Stinting flame by bating fuel,
 Always careful and awake:
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;
 Mark my song upon your samplers,
 Wear it on your knots and fans.

SONG 183.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy.

You,

You, greater bards, your lyre should hit;
For say what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
It does not half the sweets disclose,
As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,
And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.

With her a cottage would delight;
All's happy when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the water love,
So long shall I love Peggy.

And

And when death lifts his pointed dart,
 To strike the blow that rends my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy !

SONG 184.

NATURE gave all creatures arms,
 Faithful guards from hostile arms ;
 Jaws the lion brood defend,
 Horrid jaws that wide distend ;
 Horns the bull, resistless force ;
 Solid hoofs the vig'rous horse ;
 Nimble feet the fearful hare ;
 Wings to fly the birds of air.

To the fox did wiles ordain,
 The craftiest of the sylvan train ;
 Tusks she gave the grunting swine,
 Quills the fretful porcupine ;
 Fins to swim, the wat'ry kind ;
 Man the virtues of the mind ;
 Nature, lavishing her store,
 What for woman had she more ?

Helpless woman ! to be fair :
 Beauty fell to woman's share ;
 Beauty, that nor wants or fears,
 Swords, or flames, or shields, or spears ;
 Beauty stronger aid affords,
 Stronger far than shields or swords ;
 Stronger far than swords or shields ;
 Man himself to beauty yields.

SONG 185.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains
 With Sally can compare ;
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair :
 The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
 While summer seasons roll ;
 But Sally's smiles can all the year
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the god of day
 With emulation glow :
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweeter notes prepare ;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail their sister fair.

The lark but strains his liquid throat
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks (while he swells his note)
 The sweetness of her voice :
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume,
 And ev'ry flowret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn. to eve their tale ;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal every vale ;
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is turn'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithesome lads and swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport :
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G 186.

I AM marry'd, and happy ; with wonder hear this,
 Ye rovers and rakes of the age ;
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
 And who only loose pleasures engage :
 You may laugh ; but, believe me, you're all in the
 wrong,
 When you merrily marriage deride ;
 For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
 Are fugitive—never sincere :
 Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
 Interrupted by doubts and by fear :
 But those which in legal attachments we find,
 When the heart is with innocence pure,
 Is from ev'ry embitt'ring reflection refin'd,
 And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of deserves not that name,
 True love is with sentiment joined ;
 But your's is a passion, a fev'rish flame,
 Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

When

When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
 With this, and with that ye are cloy'd;
 Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
 And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,
 My answer is short—"From a wife,
 "Who for cheerfulness, sense, and good-nature I
 "chose,
 "Which are beauties that charm us for life:"
 To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize;
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to night
 By our mutual endeavours to please.

S O N G 187.

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will,
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill;
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part;
 An honest verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the heart?

Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage;
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage:
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;
 For who's to beauty blind?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind?

Attend

Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain ;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

SONG 188.

WHY heaves my fond bosom? ah! what can it
 mean?

Why flutters my heart, that was once so serene?

Why this fighting and trembling when Daphne is
 near?

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace

The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face:

Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find!

With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
 mind.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd with pride,

There native good-humour and virtue preside;

Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply

With compassion for him, who without thee must die.

SONG 189.

THE lafs of Peaty's Mill,
 So bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.

Q

When

When teding of the hay,
Bare-headed, on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth;
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand -
Thro' all my spirits ran
An ecstacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountain's fill,
Insur'd long life and wealth,
And pleasures at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peaty's Mill,
Should share the same wi'me.

S O N G 190.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonny lasses;
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-bray,
 And thick'd it over wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, fast is her hand;
 Her waist and feet's fu genty;
 With ilka grace she can command,
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her een like di'monds glances;
 She a' fae clean, redd and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances:
 Blithe as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still;
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses;
 Waes me; for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane-contented.

S O N G 191.

RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleasing notes, as Chloe sung
The charms of heav'nly liberty,
A gentle bird, till then with bondage pleas'd,
With ardour panted to be free :
His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain ;
Yet, ere he flies, tunes forth this parting strain :

A I R.

Whilst to the distant vale I wing,
Nor wait the slow return of spring,
Rather in leafless groves to dwell,
Than in my Chloe's warmer cell ;
Forgive me, mistress, since by thee
I first was taught sweet liberty.

Soon as the welcome spring shall cheer,
With genial warmth the drooping year,
I'll tell, upon the topmast spray,
Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay,
And, in my prison, learn'd from thee
To warble forth sweet liberty.

Waste not on me an useless care ;
That kind concern let Strephon share :
Slight are my sorrows, slight my ills,
To those which he, poor captive ! feels,
Who, kept in hopeless bonds by thee,
Yet strives not for his liberty.

SONG 192.—GAY.

THROUGH all the employments of life
 Each neighbour abuses his brother ;
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife ;
 All professions be-rogue one another :
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine ;
 And the statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

SONG 193.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can give ;
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain :
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave :
 Love and wine give, ye gods ! or take back what ye
 gave.

SONG 194.

HARK ! 'tis I, your own true lover,
 After walking three long miles,
 One kind look, at least, discover ;
 Come and speak a word to Giles.
 You alone my heart I fix on ;
 Ah, you little cunning vixen !
 I can see your roguish smiles.

Addsids ! my mind is so posselt,
 Till we're sped I shan't have rest :
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here, an you like it,
 Ready to strike it;
 There's, at once, an end of arguing :
 I am her's, she is mine:
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

S O N G 195.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
 Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

AIR.

Away, to the copse lead away ;
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds :
 I'll warrant he shews us some play ;
 See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.
 Then spur your brisk courfers, and smoke em, my
 bloods :
 'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn :
 What concert is equal to those of the woods,
 Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn ?

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
 In cover no safety can find ;
 So he breaks it, and scours amain,
 And leaves us a distance behind.

O'er

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
 All hazard danger and we scorn;
 Stout reynard we'll follow until that he die;
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
 His speed can no longer avail,
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he
 fled.
 See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn;
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

S O N G 196

S U M M E R.

WHEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks, all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight;
 The cuckow, then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married man; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
 The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married man; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

WINTER.

W I N T E R.

When ificles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail :
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl ;
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, tu-whit tu-whoo, a-merry merry,
 note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw :
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 And nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu whit-tu-whoo, a merry merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

S O N G 197.

W I T H early horn salute the morn
 That gilds this charming place;
 With chearful cries bid echo rise,
 And join the jovial chace.
 The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The chrystal floods,
 All, all return th' enliv'ning found.

SONG 198.

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
 And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day;
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
 And join with the jovial crew,
 While the season invites, with all its delights,
 The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns;
 To welcome the sun now returning from rest,
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.
 Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,
 To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
 While joyous, from valley to valley resounds
 The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
 Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,
 Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate;
 Borne by their bold coursers no danger they fear,
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.
 Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.
 Then hark, &c.

SONG

S O N G 199.

COME, rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters all
cry,
We've got a strong scent and a fav'ring sky;
The horns sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,
Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chase;
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly, may tease you, perhaps, to lie down,
And, if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown:
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place;
For, as well as her charms, there are charms in the
chase.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy;
At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter and Fly;
They seize on their prey; see his eye-balls they roll;
We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the king,
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;
To George, peace and glory may heaven dispense,
And foxhunters flourish a thousand years hence.

S O N G 200.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound of the
horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
For shame, rouse your senses, and, ere it is morn,
With me the sweet melody join:

Thro'

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
 Nor quit him till panting he lies;
 While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
 And chase the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields
 Both willing and joyous repair;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields
 Than chacing the fox and the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman attend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found,
 For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

SONG 201. ANACREON ON HIMSELF.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul;
 To the nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair, and ever young:
 When full cups my cares expel,
 Sober counsel then farewell;
 Let the winds, that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bow'rs:
 Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs:
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine,
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When

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When I drink the bowl profound,
Richest fragrance flowing round,
And some lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain;
When from goblets deep and wide
I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
All my soul unbends—I play,
Gamesome, with the young and gay.

S O N G 202. Sung by Mr. PERRETTI in the
English Opera of ARTAXERXES.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

I N infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendship, in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one:

O! clear him then from this offence:
Thy love, thy duty, prove;
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

S O N G 203.

Sung in THOMAS and Sally. Set by Dr. ARNE.

W HEN I was a young one, what girl was like
me!
So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er
A fiddle was heard—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ?
'Twas this, fir— and that, fir—but scarce ever nay :
And, Sundays, drefs'd out in my filk and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !
Well, rest him—we all are as good as we can ;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me ; but let me alone ;
Egad ! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own :
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untowr'd,
Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd the more to my woe ;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
This Time's a fore foe ; there's no shunning his dart ;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;
And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf ;
I teach that to others I once did my self.

S O N G 204.

A HUNTING SONG. Set by Mr. BAILDON.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away ;
Come the grave, come the gay ;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

R

AIR.

Air.

From the east breaks the morn,
See the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains so high,
The wild, &c.

Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the found,
And the floods and the vallies reply,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good
Prov'd their greatness of blood
By encount'ring the hart and the boar,
By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar,
And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Where the, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let our's be the prey of the field,
Still let our's, &c.

With the chace full in sight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mortal sensations refine!
How our, &c.

Where is care, where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine,
And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys :
 Lo! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole,
 That anon, &c.
 That at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bowl,
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

S O N G 205. Sung by Miss STEVENSON.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove;
 Oh! send some cheering ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Celia mourn'd,
 While courteous Echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well known face
 Each rising fear disarms,
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.

SONG 206. Sung by Mr. BEARD

WHO has e'er been at Baldock must needs know
the mill,
At the sign of the Horse, at the foot of the hill,
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,
Without all distinction promiscuously go,
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,
Without all distinction promiscuously go.

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,
That once on the ever-green bank as I stood,
I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the flood;
That once, &c.

But, looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake;
For Venus, tho' fair, has the looks of a rake,
While nothing but virtue and modesty fill -
The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill;
While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,
To enliven that mass which he modell'd of clay:
Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes
Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies;
Had Polly, &c.

Since first I beheld the dear lass of the mill,
I can never be quiet; but, do what I will,
All day and all night I sigh, and think still
I shall die if I have not the lass of the mill;
All day and all night I sigh, and think still
I shall die if I have not the lass of the mill.

S O N G 207.

Written by W. WHITEHEAD, Esq; Poet Laureat.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

Y E S, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me:
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates,
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates,
 Have rather been uncivil,
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common:
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman:
 Her voice, her touch, might give the alarm;
 'Tis both perhaps, or neither;
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm
 Of Celia all together,
 Of Celia all together.

S O N G 208.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

O H! had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain,
 In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
 My flocks upon the plain.

What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know?
Ye envious pow'rs! why have you plac'd
My fair one' lot so low?

SONG 209. Sung in Comus.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where woven with the poplar bow,
The mantling vine will shelter you,
The mantling vine will shelter you:
Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep;
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose,
The fair does all alone repose;
All alone; yet in her arms
Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
Till blest, and blessing, you shall own
The joys of love are joys alone.
The joys of love are joys alone.

SONG 210. Set by Dr ARNE. In ELIZA.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
That each night they went safely to rest,
And they merrily sung thro' the day:

But,

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But, ah! what a scene must appear!
Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er!
Shall the tabor no more strike the ear?
Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Must the flocks from their pastures be led?
Must the herds go wild straying abroad?
Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
And the ships be all moor'd in each road?
Must the arts be all scatter'd around,
And shall commerce grow sick of her tide?
Must religion expire on the ground,
And shall virtue sink down by her side?

SONG 211. CUNNINGHAM.

Set by Mr. WORGAN. Sung at VAUXHALL.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins de-
spis'd,
To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd:
I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but find
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind,
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind.

Not the fair weather'd fop, fond of fashion and dress;
Not the 'squire, who can relish no joys but the chase;
Nor the free-thinking rake whom no morals can bind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind,
Neither this, &c.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos, world without end;
Nor the drone who can't relish his bottle and friend;
Nor the fool that's too fond, nor the churl that's un-
kind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind,
Neither this, &c.

Not the rich, with full bags, without breeding or merit;
Nor the flash, that's all fury, without any spirit;
Nor the fine master Fribble, the scorn of mankind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind,
Neither this, &c.

But the youth whom good sense and good-nature inspire;
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire;
In whose heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd;
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind,
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

SONG 212. Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in
LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

O H! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell,
Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak
That cruel word farewell!
Farewel—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray:
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.

SONG 213. Sung by Mrs. PINTO, in LOVE
IN A VILLAGE.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid:
Would you hurt a harmless maid?
Lead an innocent astray?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray,
Men too often we believe;
And should you my truth deceive,
Ruin first, and then forsake,
Sure my tender heart would break.

SONG

SONG 214. SHENSTONE.

HOPE: A PASTORAL. Set by Mr. ARNE.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep:
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
 Such tenderness, &c.

But where does my Phyllida stray,
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

SONG

SONG 215. The Words by Mr. GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 O! where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The rope slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.——
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear:
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
 Thy skin is ivory so white:
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
 No longer must she stay on board;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
 Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG 216. Set by Mr. MICHAEL ARNE, and
 Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at RANELAGH.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
 And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
 Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,
 That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning, last May, when I travers'd the grove
 In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare;
 And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By

By a murmuring brook, on a green mossy bed,
A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid :
Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart :
And from thence, how to win the dear maid was my
care ;
For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd I was
rude,
And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude :
I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there ;
But laid all the blame on her delicate air.

Said her heart was the prize which I sought to obtain,
And hop'd she would grant it to ease my fond pain,
She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r ;
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times since I've repeated my suit ;
But still the tormentor affects to be mute :
Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the
fair,
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

SONG

SONG 217.

Sung by Miss DAVIES, at VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. SAMUEL HOWARD.

LET the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the
swain,
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is shown;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon over-blown.

But the shepherd, whom Cupid has pierc'd to the
heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or, in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe,
Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will flow.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs:
But when he accosts you, in meadow or grove,
His tale is so tender, he cooes like the dove.

SONG 218. A BACCHANALIAN SONG, from
FAWKES'S ANACREON. Set by Mr. YATES.

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
Gen'rous god of wine and joy,
Still exhilarates my soul
With the raptures of the bowl.

Then with feather'd feet I bound,
Dancing in a festive round;
Then I feel in sparkling wine
Transports delicate, divine.

S

Then

Then the sprightly music warms,
Song delights, and beauty charms:
Debonair, and light and gay,
Thus I dance the hours away.

S O N G 219. SHENSTONE.

Sung by Mr. LOWE. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleasing ray,
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heat of day,
When from an hazle's artless bow'r
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He blest'd the scene, he blest'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden ev'ry grove:
But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair E'tham's dale,
And ev'ry blessing finds its way
To Nancy of the dale.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, strait, and fair;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were!
Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerless bud I found;
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That

That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet,
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!
Gay lordlings fought her for their bride;
But she would ne'er incline:
" Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
" As I will prove to mine."

" 'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
" Has won my right good-will;
" To him I gave my plighted vow,
" With him I'll climb the hill."
Struck with her charms, and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.

SONG 220. Sung by Mr. BEARD, in the
SHEPHERD'S LOTTERY.

Set by Dr. BOYCE.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in song;
He went, one May morning, to meet in the grove,
By her own dear appointment, this goddess of love;
Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,
And doated on each — can a lover do more?

He waited, and waited, then, changing his strain,
'Tis fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain!
The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
And the whole course of nature was alter'd down-
right:

'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
But never to change—can a lover do more?

Cleora, it happ'd, was by accident there ;
No rose-bud so tempting, nor lily so fair :
He press'd her white hand—next her lips he essay'd ;
Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid :
Her kind complaisance his peace did restore,
And dear Amaryllis—was thought of no more.

SONG 221. THE MEN WILL ROMANCE.

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw play-
things aside,
I conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride :
By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance,
For the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd,
Such a face, and such tresses, sure ne'er were beheld ;
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance ;
Oh ! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,
And swore, to my charms he a conquest must fall ;
On his knees he entreated my hand for a dance :
Ah ! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

He conducted me home, when the pastime was o'er,
And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before ;
He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance :
Ah ! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Then

Then day after day I his company had :
 At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad ;
 But my father lov'd money, and would not advance,
 And reply'd to my lover, young men will romance.

But tho' my papa would not give us a shilling,
 My Polydore swore to wed me he was willing ;
 So to church we both went, and at night had a dance,
 And, believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

S O N G 222. The SPINNING-WHEEL. Set by
 Mr. BAILDON. Sung at VAUXHALL.

Y O U N G Colin, fishing near the mill,
 Saw Sally underneath the hill,
 Whose heart love's tender pow'r cou'd feel,
 Whose heart love's tender pow'r cou'd feel,
 The mill was stopt, no miller there,
 She smil'd to see the youth appear,
 She smil'd to see the youth appear,
 But turn'd about her spinning-wheel,
 But turn'd about her spinning-wheel,

Thy cheeks, says he, like peaches bloom ;
 Thy breath is like the spring's perfume ;
 On thy sweet lips my love I'll seal,
 On thy sweet, &c.
 Yon stately swans, so white and sleek,
 Are like to Sally's breast and neck,
 Are like, &c.
 But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel,
 But still, &c.

Tho' fair-one, beauty's transient pow'r
 Fades like the new blown gaudy flow'r ;
 Not so where virtue loves to dwell,
 Not so, &c.

For where sweet modesty appears,
 We never see the vale of years,
 We never, &c.
 She smil'd and stopp'd her spinning-wheel,
 She smil'd, &c.

The pomp of state, the pride of wealth,
 Says she, I scorn for peace and health,
 Where honest labour earns her meal,
 Where honest, &c.
 Who tells the flatt'rer's common tale,
 Can ne'er o'er my true heart prevail,
 Can ne'er, &c.
 And make me leave my spinning wheel,
 And make, &c.

The swain who loves the virtuous mind,
 Alone can make young Sally kind;
 For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel,
 For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel.
 It is the voice, says he, of love,
 Come hasten to yon church above,
 Come hasten to yon church above.
 She blush'd and left her spinning-wheel,
 She blush'd and left her spinning-wheel.

SONG 223. The Marquis of GRANBY.

THO' Austria and Russia, France, Flanders and
 Prussia,
 Have heroes who claim truth's attention,
 In the roll of fair fame, as he took down each name,
 Some Britons I said he should mention:
 And since we have men, who are worthy his pen,
 Who for England act nobly as can be,
 When he saw me persist, then he open'd his list,
 And in front stood the marquis of Granby.

Old

Old Time shook his scythe as he tott'ring stood by,
 His iron teeth dreadfully grated:
 But the lad looking crone clear'd his brow from a
 frown,

When Fame had my errand related:
 The cheeks of the churl with a smile seem'd to curl,
 And he answer'd me pleasant as can be,
 Says the single-lock'd seer, friend, this point's pretty
 clear,
 We all love the Marquis of Granby.

Let curs in the manger, let male-contents rave,
 And talk how enfeebled our race is,
 That our father's were manly, were vig'rous and brave,
 And their hearts we might read in their faces.
 What our ancestors were, at present we are;
 I can prove it as plainly as can be:
 Let them that would see what a Briton should be
 Behold but the marquis of Granby.

Had the cynic Diogenes liv'd to this day,
 He'd thrown down his lanthorn to view him;
 He's esteem'd by the good, and ador'd by the gay,
 And fox-hunters hark away to him;
 By his monarch sent over to break the French cover,
 With bold pack, as staunch as staunch can be,
 Of British true-blues, to haunt the French Jews,
 When led by the marquis of Granby.

Bigot Spain has vast wealth; fickle France has rich
 wines:

The Italians show marvellous banners;
 The Indians may boast of em'rald field mines;
 But Lincolnshire boasts of its Manners:
 The di'monds when worn the wearer adorn,
 And sparkle as brilliant as can be!
 But a flash from such toys is momentary joys,
 For the jewel of ——— is Granby.

Now

Now the hazards of war for a season subside,
 His country commands not his duty :
 Blow winds, to his wishes ; be safety his guide
 To England, love, friendship, and beauty.
 From—what-d'ye-call—Paderborn, may he happy
 return,
 Aye, quickly too, quickly as can be ;
 What shall we say then ? why there's Granby again,
 And again to the marquis of Granby.

S O N G. 224. By J. DRYDEN.

CALM was the even, and clear was the sky,
 And the new budding flowers did spring,
 When all alone went Amyntas and I
 To hear the sweet nightingales sing.
 I sat, and he laid him down by me,
 But scarcely his breath he could draw :
 For when, with fear, he began to draw near,
 He was dash'd with a ha, ha, ha.

He blush'd to himself, and lay still a while,
 And his modesty curb'd his desire ;
 But straight I o'ercame all his fear with a smile,
 Which added new flame to his fire.
 O Silvia, said he, you are cruel,
 To keep a poor lover in awe ;
 Then once more he prest his hand to my breast,
 But was dash'd with a ha, ha, ha.

I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his fear,
 And therefore I pity'd his case ;
 I whisper'd himself, there's nobody near,
 And laid my cheek close to his face.
 But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A shepherd came by us and saw ;
 But just as our bliss we began with a kiss,
 He laugh'd out with a ha, ha, ha.

S O N G

SONG 225. IN THOMAS AND SALLY.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
 And all the dangers of the main,
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
 Your faithful Tom's return'd again;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil,
 With conquest to return at last,
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil.
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.

SONG 226.

TIS masonry unites mankind,
 To gen'rous actions forms the soul;
 So strict in union we're conjoin'd,
 One spirit animates the whole.

CHORUS.

Then let mankind our deeds approve,
 Since, union, harmony, and love
 Shall waft us to the realms above.

Where'er aspiring domes arise,
 Wherever sacred altars stand;
 Those altars blaze up to the skies,
 Those dome's proclaim the mason's hand.
 Then let, &c.

The stone unshap'd as lumber lies,
 'Till mason's art its form refines;
 So passions do our souls disguise,
 Till social virtue calms our minds.
 Then let, &c.

Let

Let wretches at our manhood rail ;
 But those who once our judgment prove.
 Will own that we who build so well,
 With equal energy can love.
 Then let, &c.

Tho' still our chief concern and care
 Be to deserve a brother's name ;
 For ever mindful of the fair,
 Their choicest favours still we claim,
 Then let, &c.

From us pale discord long is fled,
 With all her train of mortal spite,
 Nor in our lodge dares shew her head,
 Sunk in the gloom of endless night.
 Then let, &c.

My brethren charge your glasses high
 To our grand master's noble name ;
 Our shouts shall beat the vaulted sky,
 And ev'ry tongue his praise proclaim,
 Then let, &c.

S O N G 227.

LET masonry be now my theme,
 Throughout the globe to spread its fame,
 And eternize each worthy brother's name ;
 Your praise shall to the skies resound ;
 In lasting happiness abound,
 And with sweet union all your deeds, your deeds be
 crown'd.

CHORUS.

Sing then, my muse, to mason's glory ;
 Your names are so rever'd in story,
 That all th' admiring world do now adore ye.

Let

Let harmony divine inspire
 Your souls with love and gen'rous fire,
 To copy well wise Solomon, your fire :
 Knowledge sublime shall fill each heart
 The rules of geometry t'impart,
 Whilst wisdom, strength, and beauty crown the glo-
 rious art.

Sing then, &c.

Let noble Beaufort's health go round,
 In swelling cups all care be drown'd,
 And hearts united, 'mongst the craft be found :
 May everlasting scenes of joy
 His peaceful hours of bliss employ,
 Which Time's all-conqu'ring hand shall ne'er, shall
 ne'er destroy.

Sing then, &c.

My brethren, thus all cares resign,
 Your hearts let glow with thoughts divine,
 And veneration shew to Solomon's shrine.
 Our annual tribute thus we'll pay,
 That late posterity shall say,
 We've crown'd with joy this glorious, happy, happy
 day.

S O N G 228.

BY mason's art th' aspiring dome
 In various columes shall arise ;
 All climate are their native home ;
 Their godlike action reach the skies.
 Heroes and king revere their name,
 While poets sing their lasting fame.

Great

Great, roble, generous, good, and brave,
Are titles they most justly claim;
Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
Which some unborn shall loud proclaim.
Time shall their glorious acts inroll,
While love and friendship charm the soul.

S O N G 2-9.

WE brethren, free masons, let's mark the great
name,
Most ancient and loyal, recorded by fame;
In unity met, let us merrily sing:
The life of a mason's like that of a king.

No discord, no envy, amongst us shall be,
No confusion of tongues, but let's all agree;
Not, like building of Babel, confound one another,
But fill up your glassses, and drink to each brother.

A tower they wanted to lead them to blifs;
I hope there's no brother but knows what it is;
Three principal steps in our ladder there be,
A myst'ry to all, but to those that are free.

Let the strength of our reason keep the square of our
heart,
And virtue adorn ev'ry man in his part;
The name of a Cowan we'll not ridicule,
But pity his blindness, and count him a fool.

Let's lead a good life, whilst power we have;
And when that our bodies are laid in the grave,
We hope with good conscience to heav'n. to climb,
And give Peter the pass-word, the token, the sign;

Saint

Saint Peter he opens, and so we pass in
 To a place that's prepar'd for all those free from sin;
 To that heav'nly lodge which is ty'd most secure;
 A place that's prepar'd for all those that are pure.

SONG 230.

ON, on, my dear brethren, pursue the good lecture,
 And refine on the rules of old architecture;
 High honour to masons the craft daily brings,
 To those brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the stage,
 And reviv'd the old arts of Augustus' fam'd age,
 And Vespasian destroy'd the vast temple in vain,
 Since so many now rise under great Beaufort's reign.

The noble five orders, compos'd with such art,
 Shall amaze the swift eye, and engage the whole heart;
 Proportion, sweet harmony, gracing the whole,
 Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a soul.

Then, master, and brethren, preserve your great name;
 This lodge, so majestic, shall purchase you fame:
 Rever'd it shall stand till all nature expire,
 And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire.

See, see, behold here what rewards all our toil,
 Inspires our genius, and bids labour smile:
 To our noble grand master let a bumper be crown'd;
 To all masons a bumper; so let it go round.

T

Again,

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,
Our ancient firm union cement with a glass;
And all the contention 'mong masons shall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

S O N G. 231.

BEHOLD, in a lodge we dear brethren are met,
And in proper order together are set;
Our secrets to none but ourselves shall be known;
Our actions to none but free masons be shewn.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Let brotherly love be among us reviv'd;
Let's stand by our laws, that are wisely contriv'd;
And then all the glorious creation shall see,
That none are so loving, so friendly as we.
Derry down, &c.

The temple, and many magnificent pile,
E'en buildings now standing within our own isle;
With wisdom contriv'd, with beauty refin'd,
With strength to support, and the building to bind.
Derry down, &c.

Those noble grand structures will always proclaim
What honour is due to a free mason's name;
E'en ages to come, when our work they shall see,
Will strive with each other, like us, to be free.
Derry down, &c.

What tho' some of late, by their spleen plainly shew,
They fain wou'd deride what they gladly wou'd know;
Let ev'ry true brother these vermin despise,
And the ancient grand secret keep back from their eyes.
Derry down, &c.

Then,

Then, brethren, let's all put our hands to our heart,
 And resolve from true masonry ne'er to depart :
 And when the last trumpet on earth shall descend,
 Our lodge will be clos'd, and our secret shall end.
 Derry down, &c.

SONG 232.

A Mason's daughter, fair and young,
 The pride of all the virgin throng,
 Thus to her lover said :
 Though Damon, I your flame approve,
 Your actions praise, your person love,
 Yet still I'll live a maid.

None shall untie my virgin zone,
 But one to whom the secret's known
 Of fam'd free masonry ;
 In which the great and good combine
 To raise, with generous design,
 Man to felicity.

The lodge excludes the fop and fool,
 The plodding knave and party tool,
 That liberty would sell :
 The noble, faithful, and the brave,
 No golden charms can e'er deceive
 In slavery to dwell.

This said, he bow'd, and went away ;
 Apply was made, without delay
 Return'd to her again ;
 The fair one granted his request,
 Connubial joys their days have blest ;
 And may they e'er remain.

SONG 233.

HOW glorious their virtue, who nobly contrive
The means to keep freedom and friendship
alive;

Who, firmly united, in harmony sing;
Whose hearts are true blue to their country and king:
All Albions are such, hear the trumpet of fame,
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

Let poor thoughtless wretches repair to a club,
Get liquor, get drunk, and perhaps get a drub;
We ne'er let such fools our society join;
For love and good-will crown each glass of our wine.

CHORUS.

You ne'er hear an Albion another defame;
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

The rules we adhere to are loyal and right:
An Albion's a patriot, to speak or to fight;
How blest were Old England, to combat her foes,
If all knew as much as a true Albion knows.

CHORUS.

To all social virtue we justly lay claim;
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

The ladies confess, with a satisfy'd air,
That none like an Albion is form'd for the fair;
A whisper, a look, and some moments chit-chat,
Soon brings on agreement, and love, and all that.

CHORUS.

Each beauty's convinc'd that sincere is our flame:
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

Old Time our society's worth shall enrol,
And Albions be honour'd from pole unto pole;
Now raise up your voices, and cheerfully sing,
Success to all Albions, and God save the king.

CHORUS.

As spotless as snow is our story in fame,
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

SONG 234. ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at VAUXHALL.

FORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong,
If aught too much I do;
Permit me, while I sing my song,
To give a lesson too.
Let modesty, that heav'n-born maid,
Your words and actions grace;
'Tis this, and only this, can add
New lustre to your face.

'Tis this which paints the virgin cheeks
Beyond the power of art.
And ev'ry real blush bespeaks
The goodness of the heart.
This index of the virtuous mind
Your lovers will adore;
'Tis this will leave a charm behind,
When bloom can charm no more.
Inspir'd by this, to idle men
With nice reserve behave;
And learn, by distance, to maintain
The power your beauty gave.

For this, when beauty must decay,
 Your empire will protect;
 The wanton pleases for a day,
 But ne'er creates respect.

With this, their silly jests reprove,
 When coxcombs dare intrude,
 Nor think the man is worth your love,
 Who ventures to be rude.
 Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
 They sully with a touch,
 And tho' you mean to grant not all,
 You often grant too much.

But, patient, let each virtuous fair
 Expect the gen'rous youth
 Whom heav'n has doom'd her heart to share,
 And bless'd with love and truth:
 For him alone reserve her hand,
 And wait the happy day,
 When he with justice can command,
 And she with joy obey.

SONG 235.

AS Damon stray'd through yonder grove,
 In pensive mood a musing,
 He there beheld the queen of love,
 Her fav'rite theme perusing;
 Her breasts they swell'd with heaving sighs,
 And deep oppress'd as can be;
 And ever and anon she cries,
 " I die to taste of Shawnbee.

" Oft Chloe with her darling swain
 " Retreat to shady bow'rs,
 " There quenching love's fierce raging pain,
 " With bliss beguiles the hours ;
 " And Sylvia too does joys possess,
 " And pleasure great as can be ;
 " For Strephon does her passion bless,
 " And has her will of Shawnbee.

" O Cupid ! god of pleasing love,
 " As so thou art, befriend me,
 " O kindly now my pray'r approve,
 " And to my aid now send me
 " Some sprightly youth that's made to charm
 " A maiden warm as can be,
 " With rapture ev'ry sense alarm,
 " And let me taste of Shawnbee."

He personated then the boy,
 And faith sincere presented,
 But with excess of swelling joy,
 Upon the ground she fainted ;
 Resolv'd to yield, what would betide,
 Her legs were wide as can be,
 Then Damon slipt between the stride,
 And let her taste of Shawnbee.

With eager grasp each other press'd,
 Their melting souls dissolving ;
 Whilst twining th—s the hams embrac'd.
 In circling folds revolving——
 With closer squeeze she murmur'ing cries,
 " Push farther, if it can be,"
 Then sighing deep again she dies——
 Such pleasure is in Shawnbee.

SONG 236.

Sung by Mr. SHUTER, in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

WHEN I follow'd a lass that was froward and
 shy,
 Oh! I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply;
 Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
 And I smack'd her lips, and I held her fast;
 When hugg'd and haul'd,
 She squeal'd and squall'd;
 But though she vow'd all I did was in vain,
 Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again.
 Then hoity, toity,
 Whisky, frisky.
 Green was her gown upon the grass:
 Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.

SONG 237.

VAT mean you Shon English, you make dis great
 poder,
 Wit your beef and your puthen, your dis, dat, and
 t'other;
 Pray vat do you mean, fir, hit de Frenchman in the
 teef,
 With your beef and your puthen, your puthen and
 beef. Derry down, &c.
 Vat tho' we've no beef nor puthen to eat,
 We have de fine frogs dat be very cood meat;
 We make de frigafée, with bon soup and fallat,
 Which very well suits wit de grand Frenchman's pallat.
 Derry down, &c.

You

You say dat your beef make you ne'er fear de gon ;
But remember, Shon English, we make you to run
After us at Blenheim and Malplaquet battle,
Where the gons they do rore, and de drums they do
rattle. Derry down, &c.

But now we must tell you with much complaisance,
We intended to have pay'd you one visit from France ;
And if monsieur Hawke would let us come over
In our flat-bottom boats, we'd land just at Dover.
Derry down, &c.

But de de'el pick de Hawke, he will not fly away,
But in de Brest harbour oblige us to stay,
Come squinting, and peeping, and play his mad frolic;
Which gave our poor sailors von fit of de colic.
Derry down, &c.

But now we vill tell you vat come by and bye,
Our admiral he take out his glaſs for to ſpy;
He halloas, truſs up boys, there's nothing to fear,
Shon Engliſh be gone, and de coaſt it be clear.
Derry down, &c.

Then we sail'd out a-main, and we thought to do
something,
But de dogs came again, and vid balls big as pumkin,
They pounce us, and pelt us, and make such a clatter,
Dat two or tree of our ships fell down in the vater.
Derry down, &c.

Then monsieur Confians was in a very great passion,
And thought he'd do something for de honour of his
nation;
He boldly commands and without more delay,
You dogs take your heels and let's all run away.
Derry down, &c.

SONG

SONG 238.

THURSDAY in the morn the nineteenth of May,
 Recorded be for ever the famous ninety two,
 Brave Russel did discern by dawn of day
 The lofty sails of France advancing now;
 All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
 Let fly a culverin, a signal for the line:
 Let every man supply his gun:
 Follow me, and you'll see,
 That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
 To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English admiral and his fleet,
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
 And mighty fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood, all of blood,
 Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising-Sun.

Sulpher, smoak, and fire disturbing the air,
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore:
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
 To see their lofty streamers now no more:
 At six o'clock, the Red, the smiling victor led,
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;
 Now death and horror equal reign:
 Now they cry, Run or die,
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
 The nymphs and sea gods mourn their lost estate;

For

For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Rising-Sun,
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
 Enough, thou mighty god of war!
 Now we sing, bless the king,
 Let us drink to every English tar.

S O N G 239.

LEAVE off this idle prating,
 Talk no more of Whig and Tory;
 But fill your glafs,
 Round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye.

Fill it up to the top,
 Let this night with mirth be crown'd,
 Drink about,
 See it out.
 Love and friendship still go round.

We gain both life and pleasure
 By love and hearty drinking:
 While statesmen plod,
 And wink and nod,
 To kill themselves with thinking.

Fill it, &c.

If any are so zealous,
 To be a party's minion,
 Let them drink like me,
 They'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion.

Fill it, &c.

If claret be a blessing,
 This night devote to pleasure,
 Let state affairs,
 And worldly cares,
 Attend us more at leisure.
 Fill it, &c.

S O N G 240.

AS long as our coast does with whiteness appear,
 Still Albion stand foremost in verse;
 Whilst harmony, friendship, and joys are held dear,
 New bards shall our praises rehearse.

CHORUS.

Tho' lodges less favour'd, less happy, decay,
 Destroy'd by old Time as he runs;
 Tho' Masons, Gregorians, and Bucks fade away,
 Still Albion shall live in her sons.

If Envy attempts our success to impede,
 United we'll trample her down;
 If faction should threaten, we'll shew we're agreed,
 And discord shall own we are one.
 Tho' lodges, &c.

Whilst with ardour we glow this our order to raise,
 Promoting its welfare and peace:
 Old Albion's return, our endeavours to praise,
 And new ones confirm the increase.
 Tho' lodges, &c.

Go on, cries our parent; for Time is your friend,
 His flight shall increase your renown;
 Gay mirth shall your guest be, and Bacchus attend,
 And joy all our meetings shall crown.
 Tho' lodges, &c.

S O N G 241.

SHE tells me with claret she cannot agree,
 And she thinks of a hog'shead whene'er she sees
 me;
 For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I
 Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny:
 Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my
 friend,
 And I hope will continue so to my life's end?
 Must I leave it for her? 'tis a very hard task;
 Let her go to the devil, bring t'other full flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bid me forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear;
 Had she found out my Chloris up three pair of stairs,
 I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. James's to pray'rs;
 Had she bade me read homilies three times a day,
 She perhaps had been humour'd with little to say;
 But at night to deny me a flask of dear red,
 Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be said.

S O N G 242.

SINCE there's no small difference 'twixt drowning
 and drinking,
 We'll tippie and pray too, like mariners sinking;
 Whilst they drink salt water, we'll pledge 'em in wine,
 And pay our devotion at Bacchus's shrine.
 O! Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
 And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us.

From censuring the state, and what passes above,
 From a surfeit of cabbage, from law suits, and love.

U

From

From meddling with swords, and such dangerous things,
And handling of guns in defiance of kings:

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

From riding a jade that will start at a feather,
Or ending a journey with loss of much leather;
From the folly of dying for grief or despair,
With our heads in the water, or heels in the air;

Oh! Bacchus, &c.

S O N G 243.

C O M E, come, ye choice spirits, together resort,
In your holiday suits to great Comus's court:
The heartiest of bloods are the joyous and free;
And who are so joyous, so happy as we?

We harbour no precepts, by dull Cynics taught;
We practise no rules with sobriety fraught:
The thoughts of our hearts you may read in our eyes;
For knowing no terror we need no disguise.

By sanctify'd maxims are hypocrites sway'd;
But we all the children of pleasure are bred:
By her dictates alone we are guided to prove
The delight of the bottle, and raptures of love.

That giant, the watchman, we never can dread;
His intrusion we punish by breaking his head;
Champaign and Burgundy expel all our care,
And we toast the kind girl, be she black, brown, or fair.

When love has possess'd us, some damsel we hire,
Whose eyes, like the liquor, inflame our desire.
So joyous and hearty, we'll drink and be gay,
And leave sober cits to defraud and betray.

S O N G 244.

SINCE pleasure's in fashion, and life but a jest,
 In spite of misfortune, I'll laugh with the best;
 Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile,
 Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,
 While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
 I'll keep up the chorus of ha-ha-ha-ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,
 No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;
 If care, or ill-nature, should come in my reach,
 And, foaming with rage, like a Methodist preach;
 While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
 I'll trip up his heels, and cry ha-ha-ha-ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,
 Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;
 But sweeter the music will float in the air,
 If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there;
 She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,
 Will join the sweet tune of love's ha-ha-ha-ha.

I'll laugh through the world, in defiance of strife,
 For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life;
 I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste,
 Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste;
 Then, friends, while your bosoms are free from a flaw,
 Swell round the gay chorus of ha-ha-ha-ha.

SONG 245.

Sung by Mr. TAYLOR.

HARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn
 Salutes the rosy rising morn,
 And echoes thro' the dale;
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
 The hounds quick scented scow'r the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
 The brisk, high-mettl'd, starting steed,
 The jovial pack pursue;
 Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
 The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter makes,
 There pants a while for breath;
 When now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunts descry'd, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,
 She faints, she falls, she dies:
 The distant coursers now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 Till echo rends the skies.

SONG

S O N G 246.

Tune, CÆSAR and POMPEY were both of them horned.

WHAT a noise has there been, what a great consternation,

About the state jockies, that jockey the nation ?
The in's and the out's, up's and down's a mere race is,
And all, jockey like, flog to get the best places :
And he that's flung off, in his fall does harangue, fir,
And swears all before him, in justice, should hang, fir.

The hindermost condemns what the foremost is doing,
And swears he wrong measures is daily pursuing ;
Yet, twenty to one, were he in the same place, fir,
With him he condemns, 'twould be just the same case,
fir ;

'Tis nothing but jockeying, and those that remark it,
Will find as much jockeying at court, as Newmarket.

When the Scots into places of trust got admittance,
And favours were amply bestow'd on North Britons :
Then the Whigs were with anger and jealousy swelling,

To see those in power, who before were rebelling ;
'Twas this provok'd Wilkes to that sore aggravation,
For which he was jockey'd quite out of the nation.

There is not a statesman among the whole band, fir,
But tells you he acts for the good of the land, fir ;
Yet plain it is seen, that some patriot pretenders,
Who call themselves Englishmen's glorious defenders,
Do talk, and talk only ; for still the great plan, fir,
Is to put in their pockets as much as they can, fir.

Such plausible guardians our trust we repose in,
 They tell us fine stories until they are chosen;
 They fawn on the ignorant, and gull the unthinking,
 And come on the blind side of them that love drink-
 ing;

And, after they have purchas'd us, this is the case,
 fir,—

They sell us again on a seven years lease, fir.

These, these, are the maxims our rulers are prone to,
 Which honest men would be asham'd, fir, to own to;
 Nay, even some bishops have lean'd to these notions,
 And barter'd the bible for worldly promotions.
 Self-interest is all; so a fig for the din, fir,
 It boots not to us who's out or who's in, fir.

SONG 247.

COME, listen to me, and I'll tell you news
 Just lately come from court;
 'Tis not of a peace, nor yet of a truce,
 But still it will make you sport:
 With a ruffledom, puffedom, frizledom, madge,
 With a high rum frizledom ree;
 Sing rouze about, touze about,
 Search the whole court about,
 Never a smock had she.

Four dozen of smocks the maids have lost,
 My good lord G-n-h-m said;
 There's never a maid but would rather, by far,
 Have lost her maidenhead,
 With a ruffledom, &c.

A maid

A maid of honor, with nothing upon her!
 Her m-j-s-ty then cry'd;
 Like mother Eve, without fig-leaf
 Her nakedness to hide,
 Her ruffledom, &c.

Shall never wait on me, she said,
 Nor in my court appear;
 For nothing like the naked truth
 Shall ever be suffer'd here.
 With a ruffledom, &c.

For if, by chance, to take a dance,
 Like goddesses on Ida,
 These nymphs should come to drawing-room,
 Good lack! what would they hide-a?
 Why, their ruffledom, &c.

The p-n-ce to one an apple may give,
 As Paris did of old;
 But alas, poor p-n-ce! I fear thy dad
 Won't let that apple be gold.
 For a ruffledom, &c.

The king (God blefs him) let us address him;
 For he's a gallant lover;
 He's frank and free, gives money with glee,
 Six maidens for to cover,
 Their ruffledom, &c.

But he, good man, five pounds a-piece
 Unto each maid hath sent,
 Of the hundred and fifty thousand pounds
 He had from p——t,
 For a ruffledom, &c.

SONG 248.

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
 Laugh and worldly care despise;
 Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
 Joy from drinking will arise,
 Why should we with wrinkled care,
 Change what nature made so fair?
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
 Some to honour do aspire,
 Give me freedom, give me health,
 There's the sum of my desire;
 What the world can more present,
 Will not add to my content:
 Drink, and set your heart at rest,
 Peace of mind is always best,

Busy brains we know, alas;
 With imaginations run,
 Like the sand in th' hour glass,
 Turn'd, and turn'd, and still runs on;
 Never knowing where to stay,
 But uneasy ev'ry way:
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Peace of mind is always best,

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
 Makes the heart alert and free,
 Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
 Still the same thing 'tis to me;
 There's no fence against our fate,
 Changes daily on us wait.
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

SONG

SONG 249.

O Greedy Midas, I've been told,
That what you touch you turn to gold ;
O! had I but a pow'r like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,
Each fish my fatal power mourn,
And wond'ring at the mighty change,
Should in their native regions burn.

Nor should there any dare approach
Unto my mantling, sparkling shrine,
But first should pay their rites to me,
And stile me only God of wine.

SONG. 250.

ONE evening, Good Humour took Wit as his
guest,
Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast ;
Their liquor was claret, and Friendship their host,
And mirth, song, and sentiment garnish'd each toast,
Derry down down, down derry down.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy'd their design ;
For the joy of a buck lies in love, wit, and wine
Alarm'd ! they all heard at the door a loud knock,
And the watchman, hoarse bellow'd, 'twas past twelve
o'clock.
Derry down, &c.

They

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
And up stairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound;
When brought to the light, how much were they
pleas'd,
To see 'twas the grey glutton Time they had seiz'd.
Derry down, &c.

His glafs, as his lanthorn, his scythe, as his pole,
And his single lock dangled a down his smooth skull:
My friends, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to
knock,
And bid ye be gone; for 'tis past twelve o'clock.
Derry down, &c.

Says the venom'd tooth savage, on this advice fix,
Tho' nature strike twelve, folly still points to fix.
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it;
So hid him at once in a hoghead of claret.
Derry down, &c.

This is right, call'd out Wit; while you're yet in your
prime,
There's nothing like claret for killing of Time:
Huzza, reply'd Love, now no more can he knock,
Or, impertinent, tell us, 'tis past twelve o'clock.
Derry down, &c.

Since Time is confin'd to our wine, let us think,
By this maxim we're sure of our time when we drink:
With bumpers, my lads, let our glasses be prim'd,
Now we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.
Derry down, &c.

SONG 251.

BACCHUS, one day, gayly striding
 On his never-failing tun,
 Sneaking Aquapotes deriding
 Thus address'd each toping son;
 Praise the joys that never vary,
 And adore the liquid shrine;
 All things noble, bright, and airy
 Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Pristine heroes crown'd with glory,
 Owe their noble rise to me;
 Homer wrote the flaming story,
 Fir'd by my divinity:
 If my influence is wanting,
 Music's charms but slowly move,
 Beauty too in vain lies panting,
 Till I fill the swain with love.

If you crave eternal pleasure,
 Mortals! this way bend your eyes,
 From my ever-flowing treasure
 Charming scenes of bliss arise;
 Here's the charming, soothing blessing,
 Sole dispeller of all pain,
 Gloomy souls from care releasing,
 He, who drinks not, lives in vain.

SONG 252. The IMAGINARY KISS.

By DODSLEY.

WHEN Fanny I saw, as she tripp'd o'er the green,
 Fair, blooming, soft, artless, and kind;
 Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,
 And warmth with modesty join'd;

Transported

Transported with sudden amazement, I stood
 Fast rivetted down to the place:
 Her delicate shape, easy motion, I view'd,
 And wander'd o'er ev'ry grace.

Ye gods, what luxuriance of beauty, I cry!
 What raptures must dwell in her arms!
 On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die;
 O Fanny how sweet are thy charms!
 Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,
 Such transports my senses invade
 Young Damon stepp'd up, with the substance he fled,
 And left me to kiss but the shade.

S O N G 253. The ROVER.

IN all the sex some charms I find,
 I love to try all women-kind,
 The fair, the smart, the witty;
 In Cupid's fetters most severe,
 I languish out the long, long year,
 The slave of wanton Kitty.

At length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was endless pain,
 One constant scene of folly:
 I vow'd no more to wear the yoke;
 But soon I felt the second stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly.

With tresses next, of flaxen hue,
 Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder alley:
 Then Cupid threw another snare,
 And caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting Sally.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young
My moving heart from bondage sprung;
This heart of yielding metal;
And now it wanders here and there,
By turns the prize of brown and fair,
But never more will settle.

S O N G 254.

Sung by DIANA, in DRYDEN'S SECULAR MASQUE.

WITH horns and with hounds I awaken the day,
And hie to the woodland walk away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxen moon;
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chace the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;
With shooting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter and doubles the cry,
With shooting, &c.

S O N G 255.

ONE summer's eve as Strephon rov'd,
Wrapt up in thought profound;
Surpriz'd he saw his best lov'd
Lie sleeping on the ground,

Awake, my pretty sleeper, 'wake,
Awake to Strephon's call
Be careful, for thy lover's sake,
'Tis eve, the dew-drops fall.

Then to her cheek his lips he laid,
 And gently stole a kifs;
 She still slept on, he, not dismay'd,
 Repeats the transient blifs.

She wakes, and thus, in angry tone,
 Away, away, she cries;
 Then, fault'ring, bids the swain be gone,
 Then sigh'd, and clos'd her eyes.

Tho' cruel are thy words, fair maid,
 Can sighs proceed from hate?
 My doubts are gone, then down he laid,
 Resolv'd to share her fate.

Defended from the noxious air,
 Within his arms she lay;
 And tho' he often wak'd the fair,
 She said no more till day.

S O N G 256. By Mr. THEOBALD.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 Inviting and undress'd,
 In her bloom of youth, fair Celia lay,
 With love and sleep oppress'd:
 When a youthful swain, with admiring eyes,
 Wish'd that he durst the fair maid surprize;
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la;
 But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd, a gentle breeze arose,
 That fann'd her robes aside;
 And the sleeping nymph did those charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide;

Then

Then his breath grew short, and his pulse beat high,
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy;

With a fa, la, &c.

But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood, with her beauties fir'd,

And blest the courteous wind;

Then in whispers sigh'd, and the gods desir'd,

That Celia might be kind;

When with hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain;

And she laugh'd aloud in a dream, and again,

With a fa, la, &c.

Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet the am'rous youth, to relieve his pain,

The slumbering maid caress'd:

And with trembling hand (O the simple swain)!

Her glowing bosom press'd:

When the virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,

Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue:

With a fa, la, &c.

But Damon miss'd his cue.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,

Himself he thus accus'd,

What a dull and stupid fool was I,

That such a chance abus'd:

To my shame 'twill now on the plain be said,

Damon a virgin asleep betray'd,

With a fa, la, &c.

Yet let her go a maid.

SONG 257. By Mr. NAT. LEE.

O H the time that is past,

When she held me so fast;

And declar'd that her honour no longer could last;

X 2

No.

No light, but her languishing eyes, did appear,
To prevent all excuses of blushing and fear,

How she sigh'd, and unlac'd,
With trembling and haste,
As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd ;
My lips the sweet pleasure of kisses enjoy'd,
While my hands were in search of hid treasure employ'd.

With my heart all on fire
In the flames of desire,
When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require:
She cry'd, oh ! for pity's sake, change your ill mind ;
Pray, Amyntas, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your bliss you destroy,
Like a naked young boy,
Who fears the kind river he came to enjoy :
Let's in, my dear Chloris, I'll save thee from harm,
And make the cold element pleasant and warm.

Dear Amyntas ! she cries,
Then she cast down her eyes,
And with kisses confess'd what she faintly denies ;
Too sure of my conquest, I purpos'd to stay,
Till her freer consent did more sweeten the prey.

But too late I begun,
For her passion was done ;
Now, Amyntas, she cry'd, I will never be won :
Thy tears and thy courtship no pity can move,
Thou hast slighted the critical minute of love.

S O N G 258.

Sung by Mr. CONYERS, in the new Concert-Hall,
Edinburgh. The Words by Mr. GARRICK.

YE med'ley of mortals who make up this throng,
Spare your wit for a moment, and list to my song.
What you would not expect here; wit shall be new,
And, what is more strange, every word shall be true.
Sing tantara-rara, truth all, truth all;

Not a toy in the shop you'll buy cheaper than mine;
Send your lasses to me, and you'll spare all your coin;
The ladies alone will pay dear for their skill,
For if they will hear me, their tongues must lie still
Sing tantara-rara, mute all, &c.

Tho' revels are scorn'd by the grave and the wise,
Yet they practise all day what they seem to despise,
Examine mankind from the great to the small,
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a ball.
Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The parson brim full of October and grace,
With a long taper pipe, and round ruddy face;
Will rail at our doings; but when it is dark
The parson's disguis'd, and led home by the clerk.

The fierce-roaring blade, with long sword and cock'd
hat,
With blood he'll do this, and zounds he'll do that;
When he comes to his trial, he fails in his part,
And shows that his looks are but masks to his heart.

The beau that acts the rake, and will talk of amours,
Shows letters from wives, and appointments from
whores;

But a creature so modest avoids all disgrace:
For how would he blush, should he come face to face!

The courtier and patriot, 'mongst other fine things,
Will talk of their country and love to their kings;
But the mask will drop off, if you shake but the pelf,
And show king and country all center'd in self.

With an outside of virtue, miss Squeamish the prude,
If you touch her, she faints, if you speak, you are rude:
Thus she's prim, and she's coy, tho' virtue she's none,
And perhaps she's carefs'd by the coachman, or John.

With a grave mask of wisdom say physic and law,
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's no
flaw;

Till death and the judge have decreed, they look big,
And you find you have trusted a full-bottom'd wig.

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each neighbour will find that his next is a cheat;
But if, O ye mortals! these tricks ye pursue,
You first cheat yourselves, then the devil cheats you.
Sing tantara-rara, that's all.

S O N G 259.

L I F E is chequer'd toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure.
See the crew in flannel jerkins,
Drinking, toping slip by firkins;
And as they raise the tip
To the happy lip,
On the deck is heard no other sound,
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Let the can go round.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle,
 Bustle, bustle, bustle, brave boys,
 Let us stir, let us toil,
 But let's drink all the while,
 For labour's the prize of our joys.
 For labour's, &c.

Life is checquer'd—toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure :
 Hark ! the crew, with sun-burnt faces,
 Chanting black-ey'd Susan's graces ;
 And as they raise their notes
 Thro' their rusty throats,
 On the deck, &c.

Life is checquer'd—toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure :
 Hark ! the crew their cares discarding
 With huffle-cap, or with chuck-farthing ;
 Still in a merry pin,
 Whether they lose or win,
 On the deck, &c.

SONG 260.

PHILLIS, as her wine she sipp'd in,
 Gaily talking with her swain,
 Into her hand he slyly slipp'd in,
 Tol, lol, lol, lol,
 A full glass of brisk champaign.

Why so coy, said he, and fickle?
 Must I always sigh in vain?
 Must I never hope to tickle,
 Tol, lol, &c.
 Your ear with a merry strain?

Long have I been tofs'd and fretting;
 Like a sailor on the main;
 Sure, at length, 'tis time to get in,
 Tol, lol, &c.
 To the port I hope to gain.

Hearts you take delight in stealing;
 Of new conquests still are vain;
 Torture other, whilst I'm feeling,
 Tol lol, &c.
 Pleasure that is void of pain.

Won at length, she listen'd kindly,
 And from love could not refrain;
 So in the nick the nymph was finely,
 Tol, lol, &c.
 Fitted for her cold disdain.

SONG 261. By Mr. CONGREVE.

A Soldier and a sailor, a tinker and a taylor,
 Had once a doubtful strife, fir,
 To make a maid a wife, fir,
 Whose name was buxom Joan,
 Whose name, &c.
 For now the time was ended,
 When she no more intended
 To lick her lips at man, fir,
 Nor gnaw the sheets in vain,
 And lie all night alone.

The soldier swore like thunder,
 He lov'd her more than plunder;
 And shew'd her many a scar, fir,
 Which he had brought from far, fir,
 In fighting for her sake.

The

The taylor thought to please her,
By offering her his measure;
The tinker too, with metal,
Said he wou'd mend her kettle,
And stop up ev'ry leak.

But while these three were prating,
The sailor sily waiting,
Thought, if it came about, fir,
That they should all fall out, fir,
He then might play his part:
And just e'en as he meant, fir,
To loggerheads they went, fir,
And then he let fly at her
A shot 'twixt wind and water,
Which won this fair maid's heart.

SONG 262.

AWFUL hero, Marlbro', rise!
Sleepy charms I come to break:
Hither turn thy languid eyes;
Lo! thy genius calls, awake!

Well survey this faithful plan,
Which records thy life's great story;
'Tis a short, but crouded span,
Full of triumphs, full of glory.

One by one thy deeds review;
Sieges, battles thick appear;
Former wonder lost in new,
Greatly fill each pompous year.

This

This is Blenheim's crimson field,
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd !
Here retiring squadrons yield,
And a bloodless wreath is gain'd.

Ponder in thy godlike mind
All the wonders thou hast wrought ;
'Tyrants from their pride declin'd,
Be the subject of thy thought.

Rest thee here, while life may last :
'Tho' utmost bliss to man allow'd,
Is to grace his actions past,
And to find them great and good.

But 'tis gone—O mortal born !
Swift the fading scenes remove—
Let 'em pass with noble scorn :
Thine are worlds which roll above.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foresee ;
Men who acted wond'rous things,
'Tho' they yield in fame to thee.

Foremost in the patriot band,
Shining with distinguish'd day,
See thy friend Godolphin stand !
See ! he beckons thee away.

Yonder seats and fields of light
Let thy ravish'd thoughts explore :
Wishing, panting for thy flight !
Half an angel, man no more.

SONG.

S O N G 263.

I.

B R A Jone Bute was a bonny muckle man,
 Frae Scotland he came, with his brade sword in
 hand;
 He came at the heed of a bonny bra clan,
 Who weel cou'd his muckle muckle fute withstand:
 He look'd so near, and he kiss'd so sweet,
 That a dame of renown soon gave ear to his fute;
 Troth his pipe he draw'd out, and you need not to
 dute
 But a concert he play'd to her German flute.

II.

Play away, bonny lass, your flute gangs weel,
 And keeps gude time to my bagpipe so clear,
 Sic music as this sure never can fail
 In time to accord with an English ear;
 For what music's so sweet, or what harmony compleat
 As the bagpipes play'd to the German flute?
 Then, lifting up her een, strait the muckle dame re-
 plies,
 When the bagpipe is play'd by my Jone Bute.

III.

Play away, bonny lad, I have good store of gold,
 Your bags shall be fill'd whilst your pipes they can
 play.
 O! you ne'er shall return to a climate so cold,
 Whilst your kisses are warmer and sweeter than May.
 Quoth he, dinna mourn, for I ne'er will return
 Whilst e'er I can taste of your golden frute;
 Troth his pipe he assay'd, and another lilt he play'd
 In concert sweet with her German flute.

For

IV.

Away, English fools, you ne mare shall pretend
 In music to vie with my bonny Highland man;
 Ne mare shall the lasses of England commend
 The fam'd Irish jig, when compar'd to my John;
 For a quick merry strain, that enlivens each strain,
 Who weel with a Scotchman can ever dispute?
 But his bagpipe alone has too much of the drone,
 And of needs must be join'd to my German flute.

V.

Come away, bonny lads, then with courage advance,
 Your poor empty scrips and your wallets disown,
 Jone Bute bears the bell, firs, and leads up the dance
 At the grand masquerade at the Thistle and the Crown;
 There is sweetmeats and wine shall entreat you to dine,
 Your hunger assuage, and your spirits recruit,
 Whilst more soft to the ear, hark! the bagpipe so clear
 In concert resounds to the German flute.

VI.

A fine English fiddle accords to the strain,
 A better sure never was play'd on before,
 The French horn at a distance may join it amain,
 And the Spanish guittar play an overture in score;
 But woe to the land if they join in the band,
 Soon the fiddle would be broke, and the fiddle-stick
 to boot,
 For an Englishman horn must despise a French horn,
 When mam's ears have been tick'd by my Jone Bute.

SONG

SONG 264.

A Buck's Song.—Tune, Tantararara, masks all.

BROTHER bucks, all attend to the theme I shall
sing;
And chorus so loud make the cieling to ring,
From thence to the skies let your voices resound,
While each heart glows with mirth, and the bumpers go
round.

Sing tantararara, bucks all.

But first to our grand let us due homage pay,
And may each grateful buck his lov'd edict obey;
May his breast, fraught with candour, be open and free,
And may all in high station be as honest as he.
Sing, &c.

From sacred records our sanction we trace,
Of old Nimrod the buck, who was fond of the chace;
But since that our order's so general become,
Bucks are ev'ry where made, both abroad and at home.
Sing, &c.

Now to bucks of all sects in a health let us join,
Here's the bucks of the Bell, and the bucks of the
Vine;
Here's the lodge at the Platter, and likewise to those
Of our order so true, at the Sun and the Rose.
Sing, &c.

Let him therefore who rails at our high appellation,
Whate'er be his worth, or whatever his station,
Weigh maturely the point, and pray hard for good
luck,
Or 'tis twenty to one but incog. he's a buck.

Y

Here's

IV.

Away, English fools, you ne mare shall pretend
 In music to vie with my bonny Highland man;
 Ne mare shall the lasses of England commend
 The fam'd Irish jig, when compar'd to my John;
 For a quick merry strain, that enlivens each strain,
 Who weel with a Scotchman can ever dispute?
 But his bagpipe alone has too much of the drone,
 And of needs must be join'd to my German flute.

V.

Come away, bonny lads, then with courage advance,
 Your poor empty scrips and your wallets disown,
 Jone Bute bears the bell, firs, and leads up the dance
 At the grand masquerade at the Thistle and the Crown;
 There is sweetmeats and wine shall entreat you to dine,
 Your hunger assuage, and your spirits recruit,
 Whilst more soft to the ear, hark! the bagpipe so clear
 In concert resounds to the German flute.

VI.

A fine English fiddle accords to the strain,
 A better sure never was play'd on before,
 The French horn at a distance may join it amain,
 And the Spanish guitar play an overture in score;
 But woe to the land if they join in the band,
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Sing, &c.

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Of old Nimrod the buck, who was fond of the chase;
But since that our order's so general become,
Bucks are ev'ry where made, both abroad and at home.

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Here's the bucks of the Bell, and the bucks of the
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Whate'er be his worth, or whatever his station,
Weigh maturely the point, and pray hard for good
luck,

Or 'tis twenty to one but incog. he's a buck.

Y

Here's

Here's the politic buck, whose high antlers well tipp'd,
Shakes his purse at the world, while his doe's fairly
leap'd:

Here's a glaſs of condolance to each plodding cit
That's familiarly buck'd by a lord or a wit.

Sing, &c.

Here's Sir Gravity too, in a bumper ſo clear,
Who oft at our ſanction caſt many a ſneer,
Tho' in public he rolls, yet in private we know
He's a buck ev'ry inch—I appeal to his doe.

Sing, &c.

Now to bucks of all kinds we have toaſted ſucceſs;
Here's the ſweet pretty does, for can true bucks do leſs?
Come join then in chorus, with accents ſo ſhrill,
And may each jolly buck—have a doe at his will.

Sing tantarara, &c.

S O N G 265.

WINCHESTER WEDDING. By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

AT Wincheſter there was a wedding,
The like of it was never ſeen,
'Twixt luſty Ralph of Reading,
And bonny black Beſs of the Green:
The fidlers were crowding before,
Each laſs was as fine as a queen;
There was a hundred and more,
For all the whole country came in.
Eriſk Robin led Roſe ſo fair,
She look'd like a lily o' the vale,
And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary,
And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With

With Tommy came smiling Katy,
 He help'd her over the stile,
 And swore there was none so pretty
 In forty and forty long mile:
 Kit gave a green gown to Betty,
 And lent her his hand to rise;
 But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty
 For looking blue under the eyes;
 Thus merrily chatting all,
 They pass'd to the bride-house along,
 With Jonny and pretty-fac'd Nancy,
 The fairest of all the throng.

The bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
 Afraid the dinner was spoil'd,
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em
 With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd.
 The lads were so frolic and jolly,
 For each had his love by his side;
 But Willy was melancholy,
 For he had a mind to the bride:
 Then Philip begins her health,
 And turns a beer-glass on his thumb;
 But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking
 The best in Christendom.

And now they had din'd, advancing
 Into the midst of the hall,
 The fiddlers struck up for dancing,
 And Jeremy led up the ball;
 But Margaret kept a quarrel,
 A lass that was proud of her pelf,
 'Cause Arthur had stol'n her garter,
 And swore he would tie it himself:
 She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
 And ready with anger to cry,
 'Cause Arthur, in tying her garter,
 Had slipp'd his hand too high.

And now, for throwing the stocking,
 The bride away was led;
 The bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
 For candles to light them to bed:
 But Robin finding him filly,
 Most friendly took him aside,
 The while that his wife with Willy
 Was playing at hooper's-hide:
 And now the warm game begins,
 The critical minute was come,
 And chatting, and billing, and kissing,
 Went merrily round the room.

Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,
 And blithe as a bird in the spring;
 And Tommy was to Katy,
 And wedded her with a rush ring:
 Sukie, that danc'd with the cushion,
 An hour from the room had been gone;
 And Barnaby knew by her blushing,
 That some other dance had been done:
 And thus of fifty fair maids,
 That came to the wedding with men,
 Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,
 That so did return again.

SONG 266. TEAGUE.

BY Chreesht and saint Patrick, going home late last
 night,
 About two in the morning I was put in a fright;
 Comes a dog in a doublet, stripp'd all in his shirt,
 And throws down poor Teague very clean in the dirt.

Then

Then firing his pisttol direct on my faish,
Stand still, you damn'd dog, or you're dead on the
plaish:

De'l tauke him for me, for his favour and graish,
For ne'er was dear joy in more sorrowful caish.

Confounded and speechless, bold as hero I cry'd,
Your rogueship one day will at Tyburn be try'd:
If Teague catch you again at such vile tricks as these,
He will, swear, joy, upon your majesty's peash.

Thus threaten'd, he shivilly cry'd, my dear honey,
I'll not hurt thee at all, but present me thy money.
My money, dear joy, 'tis Teague's soul—he's undone;
Well, e'en take it all—for by Chreesht I have none.

SONG 267.

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
And, with kindly chiding eyes,
Faintly says, I shall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear! she cries;
But her breasts when I am pressing,
When to hers my lips I join,
Warm'd, she seems to take the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.

SONG 268.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen
years,
You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears,
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her years;

Wittily, prettily talk her down.
Chafe her, and praise her, if fair or brown;
Soothe her and smooth her,
And teaze her and please her,
And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men,
With the front of assurance come boldly on;
Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly,
Put her in mind how her time steals on:
Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
Rouse her and touse her from morn to noon,
And shew her you're able
Some hour to grapple,
And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a punk of humour free,
That's kept by a fumbler of quality,
You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That pleasure's best charm is variety;
Swear her much fairer than all the town,
Try her and ply her when cully's gone,
Dog her and jog her,
And meet her and treat her,
And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.

S O N G 269.

PHILLIS, the fairest of love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon;
Phillis, that scorns the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on?
So long she kept her legs so close,
Till they had scarce a rag on,

Compell'd

Compell'd thro' want, this wretched maid
 Did sad complaints begin;
 Which furly Strephon hearing said,
 It was both shame and sin
 To pity such a lazy jade,
 Who'll neither kifs nor spin.

S O N G. 270. By Mr. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Tune, the yellow-hair'd LADDIE.

YE shepherds and nymphs, that adorn the gay
 plain,
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;
 Amongst all your number, a lover so true
 Was ne'er so undone, with such blifs in his view:

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs;
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
 The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so!
 And only when dreaming imagine my woe,

The

Then gaze at a distance, no farther aspire,
Nor think she shou'd love, when she cannot admire;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

S O N G 271.

AN ALBION SONG.

IN strains harmonious sound the lay
That sings of Albion's noble race,
Whose free-born minds will ne'er decay,
Nor time their glorious deeds deface,

CHORUS.

In valour matchless, heavenly brave;
We nobly conquer, mildly save;
Nor dangers fear, nor toils we shun,
Honour inspires each Albion son.

In cheerful ranks our bands advance,
With warlike ardour dare the foe;
While baughty Spain and fickle France
With horror dreads the impending blow.

Our fleets triumphant ride the main,
With Albions mann'd, unknown to fear,
Whose fame all nations shall proclaim,
By conquests gain'd each warring year.

See Liberty's propitious smile,
And Plenty's copious horn o'erflow,
To bless and guard our native isle,
Where artists flourish, science grow.

Illustrious sons of Albion line,
Who thus in legions firm unite,
Require the all recording Nine,
To sing your deeds and martial might,
In valor, &c.

SONG 272. THE FOUR NATIONS.

IN vain do poets strive to sing
Of hero, patriot, and king,
That bless Great Britain's isle,
That bless, &c.
A task too hard for any one,
Unless a Homer or Milton;
They want both words and style,
They want, &c.

See crowds of volunteers each day,
Who cry to Granby haste away,
Their laurels to maintain,
Their laurels, &c.
But who comes here that wears the leak;
Methinks a Welchman, let hur speak;
Old Priton, what dost say?
Old Priton, &c.

WELCHMAN.

Why hur name it was Taffy,
And lookee here now,
Hur as left hur deer country,
Hur wife, and hur cow,
And wiff hur may never go back to hur house,
Till hur see the French rogues just as small as a mouse,

For

For Taffy can never leave home at hur ease,
 While Frenchmen do rob hur of hur pread and cheese;
 Opshauken, Opdavit, Opmorcan, Opshones;
 Hur never was fright'ned at preaking of bones,
 For Taffy will fight, got's splutter and nails,
 For hur king, and hur country, and hur prince of
 Wales;
 And Sawney shall help hur, wha's heart ne'er did fail
 To fight with a braid sword as lang as a flail.

SCOTCHMAN.

Brethers! what are ye aboot,
 Wha the deel makes a' this rout?
 My braid sword it shall gee them law,
 O'er the hills and far awaw.

In me you shall a brether find,
 Deel tauke me gin I laug behind;
 For my braid sword ay shall gee them law,
 O'er the hills and far awaw.

O gin we meet French face to face,
 We'll gar them run, we'll gee them chace;
 Wha can pursue them like the lads
 That wear the bonnets, swords, and plaids.
 Full or empty, drunk or dry;
 In vallies laigh, or mountains high,
 Tro' simmer's heat and winter's snaw,
 We'll a'ways gar them run awaw:
 Then tauke a coig, and let us sing,
 Our fodgers, sailors, and our king.

IRISHMAN.

And Teague shall bear chorus, who never did fail
 To fight for old Ireland, sing Granavale;

King

King George wears my harp, and my crown, and my,
 shield;
 I'm the first in the battle, the last in the field;
 For the French swear that nothing can fright their brigades
 So much as the face of our honest poor Teagues

I value no S——e nor coward a louse,
 Who strove to break open my mother's old house;
 For Minden has prov'd him a rogue to his face:
 Mahah, Mihamalah! he's now in disgrace.
 We'll be taking a drink, we'll be joining all four,
 We'll be beating the French were they twenty times
 more;
 And we'll make them cry out Morbleu to their shame,
 Or Feelillelillew, that's all the same.

S O N G 273.

FLING away ambition's toys,
 All her charms and empty noise;
 Wealth and fame, and pomp and power,
 Please their vot'ries but an hour.
 We ne'er cloy, nor night nor day,
 Come to us without delay.

We may search and toil in vain,
 For something we cannot obtain
 All who'd be completely wise,
 Hither turn your wishful eyes:
 They shall ne'er let fall a tear,
 Sweet contentment habits here.

Here no danger lurks within,
 Ours is pleasure free from sin;

Melting

Melting scenes, enchanting shades,
Moonlight walks, and fairy glades;
Hark, the merry, merry wake invites,
Awake to all its dear delights.

Ours is mirth and endless cheer,
We permit no winter here;
Jest and Wit that give no pain.
And wanton laughter croud our train;
Stoic wisdom bribes our stay,
Hear her not, but haste away.

Hither ye, who pine for love,
And haunt the lonely willow grove;
Come and lose your threat'ning care,
Here's no room for black despair;
See the fast consenting eye,
Love himself is always by.

Glittering scenes around us rise,
Here we feast our ears and eyes:
Vocal woods and shady bowers,
Murmuring streams and painted flowers,
Make with us a lasting stay,
Nymphs and shepherds come away.

SONG 274. The CANDIDATE'S Description of
a true patriotic MEMBER.

SOME coblers turn poets to serve their great
friends,

Some members turn coblers to turn your best ends;
Good Lord! what mean notions in your members lurk,
To rob a poor cobbler of all cobbling work.

I hope

I hope you'll take care at the gen'ral choice,
 To keep up your honour in giving a voice ;
 The man that doth buy you, he must also sell,
 Pray then chuse the members that will serve you
 well,

Pray use your endeavours with all your sweethearts,
 To chuse out a man of good natural parts,
 To enter the state, and at last reach the prize ;
 This ability wanting, your man cannot rise.

I am a freeman, I may thank my good friend ;
 I not only stand, but am willing to spend ;
 What would you have more to defend your just laws,
 Than to empty my bags in your country's cause ?

I stand by myself, tho' by you I am rais'd,
 And when I stand stiffly, by you I am prais'd ;
 This general maxim I cannot think wrong,
 The body's not weak, when the members are strong.

Some call me an assistant, but, by your good leave,
 My family's descended from Adam and Eve ;
 My greatest misfortune, I act in dumb show,
 I have not a tongue for to say Aye or No.

What can be more humble, unless a plain mouse,
 My highest ambition's a little thatch'd house ;
 The door in the middle, a wife in her smock,
 The door to fall open whenever I knock.

Of national good then you need not despair,
 If all members, like me, would split but the hair ;
 Not lean to each party, nor be led astray,
 But push at all things in a middling way.

Some members no sooner into the house get,
 Their votes they will sell, tho' they pay no just debt ;
 All these men of honour will swear black is white,
 But a good standing member pays bills upon sight.

My sweet charming creatures, my dears all in all,
 By you I must stand, and by you I must fall ;
 Then fill up your glasses, and cheerfully sing,
 A stiff standing member a blessing does bring.

S O N G 275. HAPPY DICK DAWSON.

C O M E here, we're all jovial and happy, as hearty
 as hearty can be ;
 No sorrow or care to perplex us, from trouble we ever
 are free ;
 Give me the gay fellow in life, who seldom a dull
 thought has known,
 That would rather kiss any man's wife by the one half,
 than he'd his own ;
 Then fill up the glasses, dear boys, and make the best
 use of your time,
 For, believe me, there's nothing surpasses the joys of
 dear women and wine.

Since life is at best but a span, 'tis as good to be merry
 as not,
 We'll happily live while we can, for sorrow brings no-
 thing but thought ;
 We'll rattle away with the lasses, and crack a gay flask
 with our friends ;
 So thus our time merrily passes, in taking the world as
 God sends.
 Then fill up, &c.

Damn

Damn money, 'tis nothing but trash, we'll be merry
 tho' ever so poor;
 When we have it we cut a great dash, when it's gone
 we ne'er think of it more;
 So let me be wealthy or not, my spirits are always the
 same,
 Quite free of ev'ry dull thought, and happy Dick
 Dawson's my name,
 Then fill up, &c.

SONG 276. FRANCIS FAWKES.

WOMAN. A Ballad. Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. WORGAN.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
 The merits of wine with the charms of the
 fair;

I appeal to the men to determine between
 A tun-belly'd Bacchus and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign;
 For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine:
 Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile;
 'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
 And the more I behold her, the more I admire!
 But the charms of her temper and mind I adore;
 These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage!
 'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age:
 But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul!

A fot,

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
 The longer I drink the more thirsty am I:
 From this fair confession, 'tis p'ain, my good friend,
 You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
 But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry !
 From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must spring;
 Nay, the Stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford;
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord:
 But woman for ever gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I can.

SONG 277. AN ADDRESS TO THE LADIES.

By Mr. WHITEHEAD.—Sung at RANELAGH.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
 Who trip in this frolicksome round,
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
 The sexes at once to confound?
 What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
 With each motion design'd to perplex?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And softness the test of your sex—dear girls,
 And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
 May call ev'ry art to her aid;
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short
 Are samples she gives of her trade:

But

But you, on whom fortune indulgently shines,
And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
Should slyly attack us with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent air—brave girls,
Not with, &c.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view,
And kindly should seem, by the artist design'd,
To serve as a model for you :
Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air ;
Nor venture too much to reveal ;
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal—sweet girls,
And double, &c.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
Are charms which no art can procure ;
Oh ! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,
And your empire is solid and sure ;
But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for sisters and aunts ;
But, believe me, you'll never be wives—poor girls,
But, believe me, you'll never be wives.

SONG 278. A MEDLEY.

Tune, A CORNER THERE WAS, &c.

YE sons of the bottle, attend to my muse,
Who boldly has ventur'd her subjects to chuse
From Hogarth's keen pencil, which justly displays
The foibles frail man ev'ry moment betrays.
Derry down, &c.

Old Time on the c'ock had proclaim'd the last hour,
When Bacchus began to exhibit his power ;
Poor Reason was forc'd to take flight from the room,
And leave Noise and Folly their reign to assume.
Derry down, &c.

A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR, &c.

The captain and phyfician
Were got in ftrange divifion,
Which had the greateft skill, fir,
And who the moft did kill, fir,
When thus began their fray ;
At length fo high it rofe, fir,
From words they fell to blows, fir,
And foon the fierce cockade, fir,
Upon the floor was laid, fir :
The doctör gain'd the day.

RELIGION'S A POLITIC LAW, &c.

A ruddy-fac'd fon of the church,
Who thought all religion a hum,
Had left his poor flock in the lurch
To tip the glaß over his thumb :
The patriarchs (faid he) thought no fhame
With women and wine to be bleß'd ;
Then why fhould not we do the fame ?
So merrily drank to the beft.

THE ASS.

The lawyer fo arch, with his wig plac'd awry
On noddle well fronted with braß,
Grins, flammers, and hiccups, and cocking his eye,
Thus makes of his client an afs ;

“ The

" The case you have told, to be sure is as clear,
 " As the wine that now smiles in the glass;
 " But 'zounds! right or wrong, fir, you need not to
 " fear,
 " I'd prove that a horse is an ass."

THE MAGPIE.

The justice more wise,
 Who Bacchus defies,
 Sate soberly soaking his clay;
 From Nelson and Coke
 He oftentimes spoke,
 Then cordially whiff'd it away.

THE YORKSHIRE BALLAD.

Sir Politick having fix'd all for the best,
 The balance of power soon lull'd him to rest,
 The beau is weak nerves by cascading confess'd,
 With a down, down, down, &c.

GIVE US GLASSES, MY WENCH, &c.

To drive away care,
 And banish despair,
 Thus mortals pursue a wrong course;
 The cure they propose,
 Too oftentimes grows,
 Than e'en the disease itself worse.
 The mirror held up
 Will shew in the cup,
 Those ills which make nature decay;
 Let reason once more
 Your senses restore,
 And happily live while you may.

SONG 279. A BIT OF THE BROWN.

Tune, IN STORY WE'RE TOLD, &c.

IN whimsical lays,
 permit me to praise
 The colour that bears most renown,
 While life I enjoy,
 And pleasures ne'er cloy,
 Let me have a bit of the Brown,

Brave boys, &c.

Some people delight
 In bread that is white,
 And greedily swallow it down:
 So odd is my taste,
 You may think it ill plac'd:
 Let me have a bit of the Brown,

Brave boys, &c.

When Englishmen dine
 On smoaking Sir Loin,
 Some with inside their palates will crown;
 Like poor * Jerry Sneak,
 So patient and meek,
 Let me have a bit of the Brown.

Brave boys, &c.

Of all the bright toasts
 That Great Britain boasts,
 And inflame the gay sparks of the town;
 The red, black, and fair,
 Their hearts may enslave,
 Let me have a bit of the Brown,

Brave boys, &c.

* A character in FOOTE'S MAYOR OF GARRET.

With

With wines in great store,
 From Gallia's proud shore.
 The wealthy their senses will drown;
 Let me, a poor bard,
 My country regard,
 Contented with Beer nice and Brown,
 Brave boys, &c.

S O N G 280. The ORANGE WENCH.

Tune, WHAT CHEER, MY HONEST MESSMATES.

A S learing black-ey'd playhouse Sal,
 A plump and forward wench,
 With basket hanging on her arm
 Was tripping o'er each bench:
 In notes so shrill her trade she cry'd,
 To tempt the beaux and belles;
 " Will you have some oranges, or chips,
 " Or else some nonpareils.

Young buck observ'd the sqalling nymph,
 And as she scudded by,
 He seiz'd her foot, and prais'd it much,
 But slipp'd his hand too high:
 The girl to freedoms such as these
 Had been accusom'd long,
 So let him go where'er he pleas'd,
 Nor thought him in the wrong.

Down by his side her seat she took,
 In hopes her fruit to sell;
 And practis'd all her female arts:
 She knew her business well.

And

And while one hand at liberty
Her hidden charms enjoy'd,
In rummaging her basket through
The other was employ'd.

He chose an orange from the rest,

" My dear, what is the price ? "

" 'Tis sixpence, sir ; for one so fine

" That hardly will suffice.

" I carry no commodities

" But what are fit for use ;

" Then have it, sir, and take my word

" You'll find it full of juice."

SONG 281. THE CHARMS OF THE BOTTLE.

Tune, LETHE.

YE mortals, whom trouble and sorrow attend,
Whose life is a series of pain without end ;
For ever depriv'd of hope's all-cheering ray,
Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day,
Obey the glad summons, the bar-bell invites,
Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

When poverty enters, an unwelcome guest,
By heard-hearted duns too continually press'd ;
When brats begin crying and sqalling for bread,
And wife never silent—till fast in her bed.
Obey the glad summons, &c.

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,
Tho' all Europe's powers together combine ;
Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot,
Surrounded with plenty of such rape grape shot.
Obey the glad summons, &c,

When

When Fanny was using her nails in Cock-lane,
 And raising chimera's in each Briton's brain,
 Had claret been offer'd the spirited she,
 They soon might have laid her safe in the Red Sea.
 Obey the glad summons, &c.

Was each dull pedantical text-spinning vicar
 To leave of dull preaching, and stick to his liquor;
 O! how he would wish for that power divine,
 To change when he would simple water to wine.
 Obey the glad summons, &c.

If wine then can miracles work such as these,
 And give to the troubled mind comfort and ease,
 Despair not, that pleasure in Bacchus you'll find,
 Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind,
 Obey the glad summons, &c.

S O N G 282.

YE virgins attend,
 Believe me your friend,
 And with prudence attend to my plan;
 Ne'er let it be said,
 There goes an old maid,
 But get marry'd as fast as you can.

As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man;
 Then chuse out a youth
 With honour and truth,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
 Your charms will soon shroud,

And

And this whimsical life's but a span;
 Then maids make your hay,
 While Sol darts his ray,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake
 Will artfully take
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan;
 But baffle the snare,
 Make virtue your care,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands
 Have join'd both your hands,
 The bright flame still continue to fan;
 Ne'er harbour the flings
 That jealousy brings,
 But be constant and blest'd while you can.

S O N G 283. The FAIRY.

IN days of yore, when on the plain
 Queen Mab, with all her fairy train
 In sportive gambols took delight,
 By Cynthia's borrow'd silver light;
 If e'er your grandames did amiss,
 The punishment, ye fair, was this.

Was lady Mary ever known
 To toy with Celadon alone;
 Did avarice her bosom fill
 With passions strong for dear quadrille;
 Or did her heart for dancing beat,
 Then blister'd were her hands and feet.

If once too small her ruff she wore,
 Her petticoat too short before;

Or

Or if to catch the gazer's sight,
 She us'd the arts of red and white;
 The little spiteful pigmy crew
 Were sure to pinch her black and blue.

But far more happy days ensue,
 The British dames of sixty-two
 Are not afraid of rigid elves,
 They know no guardians but themselves;
 The tell-tale race at length subdu'd,
 Hear me, nor think the lesson rude.

Since present times are just as bad,
 And ev'ry one at pleasure mad:
 This method I should think the best,
 To keep a fairy in your breast,
 Who ne'er for trifles should make war,
 But when you chance to go too far.

SONG 284. The WAY TO WIN HER.

Tune, The WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE swains who roam from fair to fair,
 And strive each heart to bind,
 Give ear to what I now declare,
 The precepts of a friend.
 Would you in Venus' wars succeed,
 Of bashfulness be sure take heed,
 And that's the way to win her.

When first you meet the blooming lass,
 More ripe than peach or pear,
 Let not minutes idly pass,
 Of dull delays beware:

With kisses sweet your flame confels,
Her panting snowy bosom preſs,
And that's the way to win her.

But ſhould the crafty nymph prove coy,
Cry, "Sir, you are rude,"
Let not theſe arts your hope deſtroy,
By nature all are lewd :
Then ſhilly ſhally never ſtand,
But boldly march up ſword in hand,
And that's the way to win her.

And when love's fire you have fann'd,
And ſhe begins to melt,
And finds her virtue can't withſtand
The raptures ſhe has felt,
Then gently force her to the ſport,
With reſolution ſtorm the fort,
And that's the way to win her,

SONG 285. CUPID DROWN'D, a Drinking Song.

Tune, No longer let whimſical Songſters.

YE roſy-fac'd ſons of the rich purple juice,
Attend to the carrol I now ſhall produce,
What ſubject ſo noble to chant o'er our bowls
As that which we know will make happy our ſouls !

To make me in love, and appear like an aſs
And kneel at the feet of each proud froward laſs,
The goddeſs of beauty had long ſtrove in vain,
But love, while I've liquor, ſhall ne'er give me pain.

At length quite enrag'd, that a mortal like me,
Should laugh at her power and yet remain free :

The

The urchin, young Cupid, she bade quickly fly,
And never return till he made me comply.

The youth left Olympus, to Old England came,
Discover'd my haunts, chose a dart, took his aim:
But ere he had time to pursue his design,
I plung'd him headlong in a hoghead of wine.

And now there's an end to that troublesome boy,
The pleasures of wine we may freely enjoy ;
Let Sol round the globe roll as fast as he will,
The bottle and glass shall keep up with him still.

SONG 286. Sung in the REGISTER-OFFICE.

MY sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a bog,
And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten:
Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case)
Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath smitten.
For softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
Your lilly-white hand is, your lilly-white hand is:
Your shape's like a pail; from your head to your tail,
You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
As black as the devil, as black as the devil:
Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville,
When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,
So nimbly, so frisky; so nimbly, so frisky;
A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like
whisky.

I grunt and I pine, and sob like a swine,
Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel;

No rest can I take ; and asleep or awake
I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
Your hate then give over ; nor Dermot your lover
So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle !
Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,
Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

SONG 287. GAY.

TIS woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts :
Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts :
For her, like wolves, by night we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms ;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be feed into our arms.

SONG 288. GAY.

IF the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears :
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly
Raises our spirits, and charms our ears,
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,
Press her,
Caress her,
With blisses,
And kisses,
Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft-repose.

SONG 289. GAY.

YOUTH's the season made for joy,

Love is then our duty,

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay,

While we may,

Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay,

Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,

Our's is not to-morrow;

Love with youth flies swift away,

Age is nought but sorrow.

Dance and sing,

Time's on the wing,

Life never knows the return of spring:

Let us drink, &c.

SONG 290. GAY.

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;

Friendship for interest is but a loan,

Which they let out for what they can get.

'Tis true, you find

Some friends so kind,

Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend,

In sorrowful ditty,

They promise, they pity;

But shift you for money from friend to friend.

SONG 291. GAY.

THE charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
 The judges all rang'd (a terrible show!)
 I go, undismay'd—for death is a debt,
 A debt on demand—so take what I owe.

Then farewell, my love—dear charmer, adieu!
 Contented I die—'tis the better for you:
 Here end all disputes for the rest of our lives,
 For this way at once I please all my wives.

SONG. 292. GAY.

SINCE laws are made for ev'ry degree,
 To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
 I wonder we han't better company
 Upon Tyburn tree!

But gold from law can take out the sting;
 And if rich men like us were to swing,
 'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
 Upon Tyburn tree!

SONG 293. GAY.

THUS I stand, like a Turk, with my doxies
 around;
 From all sides their glances his passion confound!
 For black, brown, and fair his inconstancy burns,
 And different beauties subdue him by turns:

Each calls forth her charms to proveke his desires,
 Though willing to all, with but one he retires;
 But think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
 The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow,
 But think of this maxim, &c.

S O N G 294. Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in
 THOMAS AND SALLY.

FROM plowing the ocean and thrashing Mon-
 sieur,
 In Old England we're landed once more;
 Your hands, my brave shipmates, halloo boys, what
 cheer,
 For a sailor that's just come on shore!

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no doubt,
 And to cut us and slash us—Morbliu!
 But hold there, avast! they were plaguely out,
 We have slic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence know,
 Yon invaders shall soon do you right;
 The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,
 But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars;
 Your damn'd party and idle contest;
 And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
 Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-faring spark, if the maids can affect,
 Bid the simpering gypsies look to't;
 Sound bottoms they'll find us in every respect,
 And our pockets well laden to boot.

The

The landſmen, mayhap, in the way of diſcourſe,
Have more art to perſuade, and the like;
But 'ware thoſe fair colours, for better for worſe,
Is the bargain we're willing to ſtrike.

Now long live the king, may he proſperous reign,
Of no power, no faction afraid:

May Britain's proud flag ſtill exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compaſs diſplay'd.

No quickſands endanger, no ſtorm overwhelm;

Steady, ſteady and ſafe may the ſail:

No ignorant pilots e'er ſit at the helm,

Or her anchor of liberty fail.

SONG 295. Sung by Mr. BEARD, in LOVE
IN A VILLAGE.

LET gay ones and great
Make the moſt of their fate:

From pleaſure to pleaſure they run;

Well, who cares a jot!

I envy them not,

While I have my dog and my gun.

For exerciſe, air,

To the fields I repair,

With ſpirits unclouded and light;

The bliſſes I find

No ſlings leave behind,

But health and diverſion unite.

SONG 296. LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn fate I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to meet her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Then relapsing fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

SONG 297.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature;
Prove as kind again to she;
Happy mortal! to possess her,
In your bosom, warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be as fond, as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er a whit;
Nothing's tough enough to bind her,
Then agog, when once you find her,
Let her go and never mind her;
Heart alive you're fairly quit.

SONG

S O N G 298.

The SAILOR. Sung by Mrs. VINCENT, at Marybone.

SINCE lost to peace of mind serene,
 I drag my chain in fruitless hope,
 I'll court each melancholy scene,
 - And give my sorrows their full scope.
 My lovely, sprightly, gallant tar,
 Who sports with fierce destructive war,
 Think what I feel, where'er thou art,
 Thinking of thy Mary's breaking heart.

Secure thy dancing castle rides
 Upon the bosom of the deep,
 The stormy wind and wave abides,
 And navigation bids the sleep;
 But balmy sleep and downy rest
 Shall fly the tempest in thy breast,
 When jealous fears like mine shall prove
 The truth of my dear sailor's love.

Hope, doubt, and fear, and winds and waves
 More dreadful to the love-toss'd mind,
 Than those the skilful seaman braves,
 Who leaves pale care and grief behind.
 Th' adventurous maid embark'd like me,
 That sails on such a troubl'd sea,
 The ocean's rage would gladly meet,
 And in its depths seek a retreat.

Yet, O be still, my frantic brain,
 Let reason whisper to thy fears,
 My sailor may return again,
 Crown'd with success to dry my tears;
 When fame, and all her gaudy charms,
 Shall yield him to my longing arms,
 And one blest'd hour together blend
 The lover, hero, husband, friend.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Britannia, hail, thou mighty queen,
 The strength, the power, the seas are thine,
 Long may thy pow'r on justice lean,
 To be preserv'd they must combine:
 To courage singly ne'er resort,
 For virtue is thy true support;
 'Tis that alone can strength maintain,
 Be virtuous, and for ever reign.

SONG 299. On St. DAVID's Day.

COLD winter with an icy face,
 Thou bid'st us once farewell,
 And man-like March to take his place,
 One month with us to dwell.
 He's brother to sweet April show'rs,
 And usher to sweet May,
 And in his hat he wears a leek
 Upon St. David's day.

When Julius Cæsar with his force
 Did first invade this land,
 The Welchmen bold, with foot and horse,
 Did his proud force withstand.
 A tribute he from them did seek,
 Which they refus'd to pay,
 That makes the Welchmen wear their leek
 Upon St. David's day.

Then after them the Saxons came,
 Whom Essex to obtain,
 And with an army well prepar'd,
 The kingdom for to gain.

Both towns and cities went to rack,
 While Saxons bore the sway :
 At length the Welshmen drove them back,
 Upon St. David's day.

And after them the Danes came in,
 The proud usurping foe,
 At Winchester they did begin
 This land to overflow ;
 Till captain Lloyd, that Welchman bold,
 Did see their lives decay,
 And conquer'd all the Danish crew
 Upon St. David's day.

When crook-back Richard wore the crown,
 As regent of this land,
 No policy could pull him down,
 Nor his proud force withstand ;
 Till Henry Richmond entered Wales,
 Whom Welchmen did obey,
 And conquer'd him on Bosworth field
 Upon St. David's day.

In Jacobus let Spaniards boast,
 St. Dennis was for France,
 St. Patrick for the western coast,
 Now Welchmen bold advance.
 So let St. George still wield the sword,
 And David bear the sway ;
 Welchmen wear leeks with one accord
 Upon St. David's day.

The Welchmen they were always true,
 And with a full consent
 They gave their king and prince their due,
 And lov'd their president.
 So jovial blessings be on those lads
 That gain the boldest sway,
 The lord may bless their merry hearts
 That keep St. David's day.

SONG 300. By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

The SYCAMORE SHADE. A Ballad.

Sung by Mrs. PINTO. Set by Dr. ARNE.

T'OTHER day as I sat in the sycamore shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along,
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.
 Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!
 Young Damon designs you no ill;
 The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,
 Then pr'ythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
 One kifs he demanded——No more!
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score,
 My lambkins I've kifs'd, and no change ever found,
 Many times as we play'd on the hill:
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade,
 For shelter I'm sure to repair;
 And, virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there,
 At ev'ry fond kifs that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will;
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

SONG 301. Sung by Mr. VERNON.

Set by Mr. ARNOLD.

ERE Phœbus shall peep on the fresh budding flow'r,
 Or blue-bells are robb'd of their dew;
 Sleep on my Maria while I deck the bow'r,
 To make it more worthy of you.

B b

There

There roses and jes'mine each other shall greet,
 And mingle to copy thy hue ;
 The lily to match with thy bosom so sweet,
 How faint its resemblance of you.

With sweets of thy breath, the hedge vi'let shall vie
 But weakly, and pay it it's due ;
 The thorn shall be robb'd of the fleece for thine eye,
 Yet nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the sensitive plant must declare
 The truth of my well belov'd she :
 Whose hands, if to touch it bold shepherds should dare,
 Wou'd shrink from all others but me.

S O N G 302. The PILGRIM.

From the original Italian.

IN penance for past folly,
 A pilgrim blithe and jolly,
 Sworn foe to melancholy,
 Set out strange lands to see ;
 With cockle shells on hat brim,
 Staffs, beads, and scrip, in that trim,
 Besitting of a pilgrim,
 Begging for charity.

With unshod feet he traces
 His way thro' wilds and chaces,
 And sundry dismal places,
 In hopes some roof to see ;
 But when that he could find
 No house nor hut to go to,
 Was ever pilgrim put so
 To it for charity.

But now, when most dejected,
Kind heaven, when least expected,
A maiden's steps directed,

Whence come you, fir? says she.
Full many a weary step, sweet,
And all with these poor bare feet,
O could I by your help, meet
Lodging for charity.

With courteous voice and accent,
Says she, I see you're quite spent,
Yet what I say is well meant,

Pray lodge to night with me.
This favour is excessive;
No speeches, fir, while I live,
If I have aught I can give,
'Tis given in charity.

He ey'd her charms whilst eating,
And call'd her love and sweeting,
And many a tender greeting,

So kind a heart had he,
Kind fir, says she, you're tir'd,
'Tis time you were retir'd,
Nor beds nor rooms are hir'd,
But lent in charity.

My tenement is brittle,
And is, I fear too little.
It fits me to a tittle,

So in at once went he,
Through many a town and city
I've been, and O! the pity,
Ne'er met a room so pretty,
Nor so much charity.

Nine days he past in clover,
 So well he play'd the lover;
 She thought it too soon over,
 And will you go? said she.
 But, gentle pilgrim, should you
 Return, you know I would do
 As much as woman could do,
 To shew my charity.

S O N G 303. JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Sung by the Choice Spirits.

JOHN Anderson, my Jo, John,
 I wonder what you mean,
 To rise so soon in the morning,
 And sit up so late at e'en;
 You'll bleer out a' your ey'n, John,
 And why will you do so?
 Come sooner to your bed at e'en,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 When first you did begin,
 You had as good a tail tree
 As ony ither man——
 But 'tis waxen weak, John,
 And wriggles to and fro;
 I gi'e twa gae ups for ane gae down,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo,
 You're welcome when you please,
 Either in the warm bed, John,
 Or else upon the claeths;

On

Or you shall have the horns, John,
 Upon your head to grow;
 And that's the cuckold's malison,
 John Anderfon, my Jo.

When you come on before, John,
 See that you do your best——
 When you begin to haud me,
 See that you gripe me fast:
 See that you gripe me fast, John,
 Until that I cry ho!
 Your back shall crack e'er I cry slack,
 John Anderfon, my Jo.

O! tis a fine thing
 To keek out o'er the dyke,
 But 'tis a muckle finer thing
 To see your hurdice fyke, John,
 To see your hurdies fyke, John,
 And wriggle to and fro;
 'Tis then I like your chaunter-pipe,
 John Anderfon, my Jo.

I'm backed like a salmon,
 I'm breasted like a swan,
 My wyme is like a down cod,
 My middle you may span;
 From top unto my toe, John,
 I'm like the new-fawn snow;
 And 'tis a' for your conveniency,
 John Anderfon, my Jo.

S O N G 304.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band
 Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand,
 My sons (began the sage) be this the rule:
 No brow austere must dare approach my school,
 Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within:
 Old Care be gone! here sadness is a sin.

A I R.

Tell me not the joys that wait
 On him that's learn'd, on him that's great.
 Wealth and wisdom I despise,
 Cares surround the rich and wise:
 The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
 And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
 Me their friend and fav'rite own,
 I was born for them alone:
 Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
 Give 'em to the fools I hate.

But let love, let life be mine,
 Bring me women, bring me wine;
 Speed the dancing hours away,
 Mind not what the grave ones say;
 Gaily let the minutes fly,
 In wit and freedom, love and joy:
 So shall love and life be mine;
 Bring me women, bring me wine.

S O N G

SONG 305. By F. FAWKES, A. M.

DEAR Tom this brown jug that now foams with
mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the Vale)
Was once Toby Philpot's, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore of the bell—
Bell, he bore of the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he fat at his ease.
In his flow'r-wov'n arbour, as gay as you please;
With a frind and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old flingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he dy'd, full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had desolv'd it again,
A potter found out in a covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale—
Vale, sweet Nan of the Vale.

SONG 306. NANCY PIPER.

WHEN heart and head are crack'd with care,
With more than heart and head can bear,
There's nothing can those cracks repair,
Like this my Nancy Piper.

What

What his man without his mate,
Jack for Gill, and Tom for Kate,
Each for each was form'd by fate.

And I for Nancy Piper.

A bowl of punch will make you gay,
But when the fumes are pass'd away,
Your joys are gone, your sorrows stay.

Not so with Nancy Piper.

In her the best ingredients meet,
Not weak and sour, and strong and sweet,
But best refin'd, and spirits neat.

Are found in Nancy Piper.

Old Time, that thief, will steal your prime;
To steal from him will be no crime,
Of all his cares, let's cheat old Time,

By the help of Nancy Piper.

Then come, my Nancy, trip away,
To-morrow's grief will kill to day,
And drive out care with dance and play,

And thus we'll pay the Piper.

SONG 307. HUNTING

HARK! away! 'tis the merry-ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn;
To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS of HUNTSMEN.

And all the day long,
This, this is our song;

Still

Still hollowing
 And following,
 So frolic and free;
 Our joys knows no bounds,
 While we're after the hounds,
 No mortals on earth are so happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the hills they all echo, hillo;
 With a bounce from his cover he flies,
 Then our shouts shall resound to the skies.
 And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labours we feel?
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
 And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,
 Then we will go hollowing home,
 With a hallo, hallo, and a huzza,
 Resolving to meet the next day.
 And all the day long, &c.

S O N G 308.

WOMAN for MAN : addressed to the Bachelors

WINE, wine we allow the brisk fountain of
 mirth,
 It frights away care, and gives jollity birth;
 Yet while we thus freely great Bacchus approve.
 Let's pay the glad tribute to Venus and love;
 For do what you will, nay, or say what you can,
 Who loves not a woman, the wretch is no man.

To

To the charms of that sex let us cheerful resign
 Our youth and our vigour, they're better than wine;
 There's merit, I own, in a gay sparkling glass,
 But can it compare with a lovely kind lass?
 No, it cannot compare, you may say what you can,
 Who prefers not a woman, the wretch is no man,

Th' enchantments of beauty what force can repel,
 The eye's powerful magic, the bosom's soft swell,
 The look so endearing, the kind melting kiss;
 The enjoyments of love, are all raptures and bliss;
 Then who woman refuses rejects nature's plan,
 He may say what he will, but the wretch is no man.

May scandal, misfortune, and direful disgrace,
 Be the portion of all th' effeminate race;
 Like England what nation on earth can they find,
 Whose nymphs are so fair, so inviting, and kind?
 Then who woman refuses rejects nature's plan,
 May they suffer like brutes, nor be pity'd by man.

From a striking example my moral shall spring,
 Who'd act like a man, let him copy his king:
 Like George, in his youth (the gay spring-tide of life)
 Let ev'ry good fellow now take him a wife;
 When by Hymen you'r blest, rest securely, for then
 You'll have nothing to do, but to prove yourselves
 men.

SONG 309.

SAVE women and wine there is nothing in life
 That can bribe honest souls to endure it;
 In the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with
 care,
 Dear women and wine only cure it.

Come

Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women and
wine,

And wisely to purpose employ them;
He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,
Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.

Our wine shall be old, bright, and sound, my dear
Jack,

To heighten our am'rous fires;
Our girls plump and sound shall kiss with a smack,
And gratify all our desires.

SONG 310.

HAIL, England, old England, for glory re-
nown'd,

In arms, as in arts, so transcendantly crown'd,

'Tis thine, strict honour, no treaties to break;

'Tis thine to revenge, when that honour's at stake;

Then now rouze, ye brave, draw the sword, point the
lance,

And bid the bold cannon hurl thunder to France.

CHORUS.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! O ye Britons! to conquest
pursue:

For the trumpet of vict'ry's uplifted for you.

Hark! Truth speaks already, our heroes prevail;

The rouz'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale:

Thy cunning, O France! its own fate will decree:

Success, lo! dawns on us by land and by sea:

And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,

To force that submission which pride would deny.

Huzza, &c.

Britannia

Britannia rejoices your ardour to see;
My sons, fight, she cries; 'tis for freedom and me;
Tho' Gallic ambition alliance explore;
You've conquer'd them now, whom you've conquer'd
before;

And Triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,
The ocean is George's, and George is our king.

Huzza, &c.

S O N G 311.

Tune, If he has sense but to balance a straw.

TO think on one's follies, sometimes, is but
right;
And reflection is good, tho' there's nothing got by't;
How many ways mortals pursue after bliss!
But still the genteelest is keeping a miss:
The prudent are constant to one, and no more;
But I, like a blockhead, must dabble with four:
I'll tell you their names, tho' you'll call me a rake:
Miss-fortune, Miss-conduct, Miss-chance, and Miss-
take.

Four jilts so destructive, four brimstones so bad,
By Jove were sufficient to drive a man mad:
Tho' jealousy oft makes the fair disagree,
Yet these all united in kindness to me;
In life's wanton paths they seduc'd me to stray,
And seem'd to spread flow'rs of delight in my way,
So simple was I, I'd have dy'd for the sake
Of Miss-fortune, Miss-conduct, Miss-chance, and Miss-
take.

At length fair Discretion, with Reason combin'd,
Thus whisper'd advice, and it dwelt on my mind:

You've

You've surely not got 'em for better for worse;
 Get at once into bus'ness, you'll get a divorce.
 I thought 'twas my duty to part with 'em too;
 Because they so long had detain'd me from you:
 And now, do but smooke, and I'll ever forsake
 Mifs-fortune, Mifs-conduct, Mifs-chance, and Mifs-
 take.

S O N G 312.

To the Tune'of RAG-FAIR.

OLD bards have sung how they could boast
 Of places much renown'd,
 For bloody battles won and lost,
 And royal monarchs crown'd:
 But all those deeds this age exceeds,
 They are not worth regarding,
 Some have declar'd, when once compar'd
 With famous Covent-Garden.

First here's a church fam'd Jones did build,
 For people to be good in;
 Where sermons, you may hear, are fill'd
 With reasons, like a pudding;
 Though with his clack, the man in black
 Is sometimes very clever;
 Yet I've been told, both young and old
 Return as wise as ever.

And not far off great Shakespeare's shade
 His court is always keeping;
 Where Comedy is laughing made,
 And Tragedy is weeping.

Here Romeo sighs, and Hamlet dies,
And brave Othello's undone;
To please the folks, here's Shuter's jokes,
Or else the cries of London.

The Bedford next my muse has found,
A sight that's worth our taking;
Where Hobster cries, with pleasing sound,
" Fresh coffee, sir, is making,"
Here's buskin'd beaus, in rich-lac'd cloaths,
Like lords and squires bluster,
Bards, quacks, and cits, knaves, fools, and wits,
An odd surprising cluster.

Now further let us steer our course,
The Auction-room invites us,
Where Langford talks till he grows hoarse,
And gapes as if he'd bite us.
" Lot number one, 'tis finely done,
" The head of cardinal Fleury;
" Guineas a score, I ask no more,
" 'Tis worth it I'll assure you."

Round Hunter's door young surgeons stand,
Like crows for carrion waiting;
Within behold the butchering band
On blood and bones debating.
The doctor thus you hear discuss,
" A larger vein here seen is;
Which from the root begins to shoot,
And runs quite through the penis,"

Here Venus' sons, more nice than wise,
To Douglass's retire;
Who often from love's banquet rise,
As sparks ascend from fire.

Here justice too appears in view,
 With bandage o'er her peepers,
 And sword held out, both long and stout,
 'To guard the brothel-keepers.

Here's bullies, gamblers, bawds, and whores,
 Who daily do ensnare men;
 Thief-takers, vintners, pimps by scores,
 With Welsh and Irish chairmen:
 And trav'lers, who the world go through,
 Have given attestation;
 So strange a place you cannot trace
 In any other nation.

SONG 313. The RIDDLE.

I'M a hole that's too narrow when first I am try'd,
 Yet the thing I am made for can stretch me out
 wide;
 Tho' at the first entrance perhaps I may teaze ye,
 Soon after I commonly prove for to please ye.

I'm long in my shape, and my depth can't be found,
 But when I'm stretch'd open, my form is more round,
 Tho' I'm nothing but mouth, yet no teeth can you find;
 I am chiefly before, tho' I'm sometimes behind.

And as for colour; if e'er you have seen
 The whimsical coat of the stage Harlequin,
 It's white, and it's red, and it's black, and it's brown;
 Not a colour on that but on me may be found.
 Some whimsical fools, who quite bare chose to have
 me,
 An act in their favour petition'd there might be:

Then the k—g and the state took me into their care,
And declar'd with one voice they would chuse me with
hair.

I was form'd in an instant, but was not complete;
There was something still wanting they found out not
yet;

Then the members rose up, all like creatures be-
witch'd,

And cry'd, it's worth nothing, if 'tis not well stich'd.

To modest folks ears I would give no offence;

Though the meaning is double you may draw from
hence,

You may think what you will, but my song's not
obscene,

For 'tis nought but a button-hole, troth, that I mean.

S O N G 314.

A S Wit, Joke, and Humour, together were fat,
With liquor a plentiful stock,
• Still varying the scene with song and with chat,
The watchman bawl'd, " Past twelve o'clock."

At that hour, I've read, oft spirits do come,

And poor timid mortals affright:

Just then, in that instant, one enter'd the room,

An ancient, pale fac'd meagre sprite.

The phantom appear'd, and the candles burnt blue,

Wit and Humour began then to stare:

Cries out Joke—Look'e, friends, this is nothing new,

Behold!—see, 'tis only old Care.

I knew

I knew he would tell us, 'twas Time sent him here,
And tell us 'tis time to be gone;
But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare,
We'll finish him ere it be one.

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,
Resolving of Care to get free;
Wit mov'd it—and strait they all join'd in consent
To lay the ghost in the Red Sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,
And fav'rite toasts they went round;
When Humour, well pleas'd, thus set up a laugh;
Quoth he, How Care looks now he's drown'd.

When loud shouting began, huzza they all cry'd,
We're rid of this troublesome guest;
Fill your bumper around, let this be your pride,
To sing, laugh, and drink to the best,

Now their blood running high at a conquest so great,
To singing and drinking they fix;
With the sun they arose, with spirits elate,
And decently parted at fix.

SONG 315.

TOM Ramble, a rake of true catholic hope,
Who rely'd on salvation by faith in the pope;
With some qualms of contrition one morning was
taken,
And his conscience declar'd, it was high time to
reckon.

His steps to a convent our gallant address'd,
 To pour his transgressions in Dominic's breast;
 He tore his lac'd ruffles, disgrac'd his toupee,
 He broke his couteau, and he dropp'd on his knee.

RAKE.

O father! lost peace to a sinner restore;
 These pieces are many, my trespasses more;
 Thus saying a purse from his pocket he loos'd;
 Which, ey'd by the father, this answer produc'd:

FRIAR.

Son, trust our good mother, she'll always confer
 Indulgence to those who're indulgent to her;
 Let indigent wretches be scar'd for their souls;
 The church has remission while you have pistoles.

RAKE.

A shepherdess, harmless and young I betray'd;
 I found her, ah! with I had left her a maid:
 This brought the repentance, this brought the de-
 light; *[Shaking the purse.]*
 Take, take, holy father, this fiend from my fight.

The friar obey'd, and took charge of the booty;
 Obedience, you know, was a branch of his duty;
 So was poverty too, but (*aurum accipit*)
 I hope you don't think his intent was to keep it.

But lest a bad tale by its length be made worse,
 The friar well weighing the case—and the purse,
 I find not, said he, any cause of alarm;
 You instructed the ignorant—where was the harm?

RAKE

The charms of a widow my soul did surprize;
 How gloomy her grief, but how bright were her eyes!

No second enjoyment she swore to allow :
I kiss'd off her tears, and, oh ! cancell'd her vow.

FRIAR.

Mere charity, sir, had oblig'd you to this ;
To comfort the widow can ne'er be amiss.

RAKE.

An Hugonet's consort next fell to my share :
In short, sir, I ravish'd the obstinate fair ;
Her husband intruded, and fell in the strife ;
I robb'd her of honour, and him of his life.

FRIAR.

Pish ! let not such trifles your mind incommode :
To take from the heretic's giving to God.

RAKE.

To a beautiful nun I my love did reveal ;
She open'd her breast, and I open'd her cell :
She open'd, O heavens !——

FRIAR.

Damnation and hell !
Mark, mark it in black, ye sacred recorders ;
What ! lie with a nun, and not be in orders !
No prayers, no alms, can atone for this evil ;
Down, down to damnation, down, down to the
devil.

Torn took up his purse, and away crept the monk ;
One sneak'd to his gruel, and one to his punk.

SONG

SONG 316.

FAREWEL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've many days been :
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the danger attending on weir ;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and tho' rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore ;
 To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jenny, maun plead my excuse ;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And, without thy favour, I'd better not be !
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

SONG 317.

NOT far from town a country 'squire,
 An open hearted blade,
 Had long confess'd a strong desire
 To kiss the chamber-maid,
 To kiss the chamber-maid :

One summer's noon, quite full of glee,
He led her to the shade,
And all beneath the mul'bry-tree,
He kifs'd the chamber-maid,
He kifs'd the chamber-maid.

The parson's spouse, from window high,
The am'rous pair survey'd,
And softly with'd, none can deny,
She'd been the chamber-maid;
When all was o'er, poor Betty cry'd,
Kind sir, I'm much afraid,
That woman there will tell your bride,
You've kifs'd her chamber-maid.

The 'squire conceiv'd a lucky thought,
That she might not upbraid,
And instantly the lady brought,
Where he had kifs'd her maid;
Then all beneath the mulb'ry-tree
Her ladyship was laid
And three times sweetly kifs'd was she,
Just like her chamber-maid.

Next morning came the parson's wife,
For scandal was her trade,
I saw your 'squire, ma'am, on my life,
Great with your chamber-maid.
When, cry'd the lady, where and how?
I'll soon discharge the jade:
Beneath the mulb'ry tree, I vow,
He kifs'd your chamber-maid.

This falshood, cry'd her ladyship,
Shall not my spouse degrade,
'Twas I chanc'd there to make a slip,
And not my chamber-maid:

Both

Both parties parted in a pet,
 Not trusting what was said,
 And Betty keeps her service yet,
 The pretty chamber-maid,

SONG 318.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's
 food,
 It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood ;
 Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good :
 O the roast beef of Old England !
 And O the Old English roast beef !

But since we have learn'd from all-conquering France
 To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
 We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance :
 O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
 And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
 Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song,
 O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name ?
 A sneaking poor race, half begotten—and tame,
 Who sully those honours that once shone in fame ;
 O the roast beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
 Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip slops were known,
 The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown :
 O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
 They seldom or never return'd back again;
 As witness the vaunting armada of Spain;
 O the roast beef, &c.

Oh! then they had stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
 right;
 But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night!
 O the roast beef of Old England!
 And O the Old English roast beef!

S O N G 319. By J. CUNNINGHAM.

SYLVIA, on her arm reclining,
 In a shady grove's retreat,
 Lay in loose attire, designing, fa, la, la, &c.
 To avoid the sultry heat.

Tho' unveil'd, she thought no slander-bye
 Could view the lovely fair,
 While young Zephyrs came and fann'd her, fa, la, &c.
 Beauteous face with fragrant air,

There the blooming nymph lay panting,
 Sighing for her absent swain,
 There extended she lay wanting, fa, la, &c.
 Him to ease her love-sick pain.

Soon the happy youth, who won her,
 To the kind retreat drew near;
 And in transport gaz'd upon her fa, la, &c.
 Charms repos'd in slumber there.

Love persuaded 'twas no sin to
 Vent his flame without debate,
 So he boldly enter'd into, fa, la, &c.
 Tales of love with Sylvia strait.

SONG. 320. CUNNINGHAM.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton-in the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light;
 To courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay;
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May:
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouze yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love:
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green—
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks;
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now

Now, blithsome, o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay;
 Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen;
 The nymphs and swains, exulting, cry,
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

SONG 321. Tune, GEHO DOBBIN.

COME, Roger, and listen to where I have been;
 Ize tell thee what wonderful zights I have zeen,
 Such places for pastime, as now bear renown,
 In that famous zity, call'd fair London town.

O brave London! O sweet London!

In that famous zity call'd fair London town,

Tune, JOHN AND BETTY.

First, you must know,
 That we did go
 Into the zity;
 And zaw, not far
 From Temple-bar,
 The wax-work pretty.

Tune, I MADE LOVE TO KATE.

Then they carried me
 To church built by St. Paul,
 Tho' thousands I did zee,
 'Twas bigger than 'em all:
 And up the winding stairs
 Amaz'd we did ascend;
 So many, wounds! I thought
 We ne'er should zee an end;

Dd

Bu

But how I gap'd and star'd,
When to the top we came;
Had you been in my place,
Why you'd have done the same.

Tune, TOM LOVES MARY PASSING WELL.

To Guildhall next we did repair,
That we might view the giants;
They told me they stood always there,
To bid the French defiance;
That when they heard the clock strike one,
They would come down and greet me:
I'cod I did not like such vun;
I was afraid they'd eat me.

Tune, STICK A PIN THERE.

And then to the Tower away we all stroll'd,
The lions, the armour, and crown to behold;
When the show man, at last, bid the lasses so fair
In old Harry's pincushion stick a pin there.

Tune, MY FOND SHEPHERDS OF LATE, &c.

Back to Westminster-abbey we stray'd,
Where are zeen all the kings, queens, and tombs;
But I never zaw zince I was made
Such a number of deadly high rooms:
Then the organs play'd up too so fine;
What the boys sung I understood not;
But the people in chorus did join,
That in heav'n I thought I was got.

Tune, The ATTIC FIRE.

At play-house, too I did admire
A man who walk'd upon the wire,
As tho'f it was the ground;

And

And then, the sails of our mill,
When mov'd, compar'd with him, stand still,
So fast he did turn round.

Tune, KITTY FELL.

But now the time, alas! was come,
When I must think of going home;
Ah me! unhappy clown;
I dreamt of what I had seen all night,
And early by the morning light
I left dear London town.
Charming London! happy London!
Adieu, dear London town!

SONG 322.

The MIDDLING WAY. By G. A. STEVENS.

To the Tune of DERRY DOWN.

WARM and wanton one night by her husband's
dull side,
A wishing wife, sighing, began thus to chide;
'Tis hard, my dear Jack, that from me you shou'd stray,
Be contented at home in the middling way.
Derry down, down, down derry down.
What abroad can you find that you have not at home?
Jack heard her, but stily resolv'd to be mum;
She pull'd him, she pinch'd him, and cry'd out John,
pray
Do not sleep now, my dear, for 'tis out of the way.
Derry down, &c.

With a yawn, Jack he cries, wife what is't you want?
I'll do all I can, if my all will content;
Your all, my dear Jack, it is all you can say,
Or all that I want in the middling way.
Derry down, &c.

Dd 2

To

To obey he began, but began in a hurry,
Which, like poor Hans Carvel, put ma'am in a fury;
Says she, I perceive you don't mind what I say;
Lord, Jack! pray hold still, for you're out of the way.
Derry down, &c.

Why, I hate to be tantiliz'd, Jack, and you know it;
If you've any love for me, now pray, my dear, show it;
Jack obey'd the direction, till all she could say,
Was, now you are plump in the middling way.
Derry down, &c.

I've sung you a song in the middling way
My singing is poor, I suppose you will say;
Yet so fond I'm of singing, my muse next intends
To sing or say something of t'other two ends.
Derry down, &c.

Which end is the best, and which most can prevail,
As for ships, birds, and fish, they are steer'd by the
tail;
And altho' man and wife for the head may contend,
They're both better pleas'd when they get t'other end.
Derry down, &c.

The end of our misses, the end of our wives,
The end of our loves, and the end of our lives;
The end of connection 'twixt mistress and male,
Tho' the head does design, has its end in the tail.
Derry down, &c.

More ends I could name, but these are the best,
No end should I gain in recounting the rest;
Yet one I will add, which you cannot think wrong,
And that is, to make here an end of my song.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

SONG

SONG 323.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
 Yet Moggy's still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed:
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed, gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnët, the lark, and the thrush,
 The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush:
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Moggy not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep;
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair:
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh tell me at noon where they feed!
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

SONG. 324. DELIA. CUNNINGHAM.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
Her glossy plumage laves;
And sailing down the silver tide
Divides the whispering waves:
The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be;
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung;
And still the pendant nest she view'd,
That held her callow young:
Tho' dear to her maternal heart
The genial brood must be;
They're not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound
Before their hue grew pale:
My vital blood would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee;
For what the root is to the rose
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair:
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair:

May they of our connabial love
 A happy omen be ;
 Then such fond blifs as turtles prove,
 Shall Delia share with me.

SONG 325. JOCKEY.

Sung by Mrs. BADDELEY, at VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. POTTER.

YOUNG Jockey is the blithest lad
 That ever maiden woo'd ;
 When he appears my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and good :
 He talks of love whene'er we meet,
 (His words in raptures flow)
 Then tunes his pipes, and sings so sweet,
 I have no power to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone ;
 At ev'ry fair, and all the wakes,
 I hear them making moan :
 He buys me toys, and sweet-meats too,
 And ribbons for my hair ;
 No swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair.

Where e'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by ;
 For I alone am all his care,
 When ever danger's nigh :
 He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
 And make me blest for life ;
 Can I refuse ye maidens say,
 To be young Jockey's wife.

SONG

SONG 326. WARWICKSHIRE.—GARRICK.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, Mr. DIBDIN, &c.

YE Warwickshire lads, and ye lasses,
 See what at our jubilee passes,
 Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
 For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad,
 Warwickshire lad,
 All be glad,
 For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
 Where nature has lavish'd her bounty,
 Where much she has giv'n, and some to be spar'd,
 For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard,
 Warwickshire bard,
 Never pair'd,
 For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard.

Each shire has its different pleasures,
 Each shire has its different treasures;
 But to rare Warwickshire all must submit,
 For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire wit,
 Warwickshire wit;
 How he writ!
 For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire wit.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
 And half a score more we take pride in,
 Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill;
 But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will.
 Warwickshire Will,
 Matchless still,
 For the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will.

Our SHAKESPEARE compar'd is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman;
Their swans are all geese, to the Avon's sweet swan;
And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man.

Warwickshire man,

Avon's swan,

And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man.

As ven'son is very inviting,
To steal it our bard took delight in,
To make his friends merry he never was lag;
And the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag,

Warwickshire wag,

Ever brag,

For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag.

There never was seen such a creature,
Of all she was worth he robb'd Nature!
He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief;
And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief,

Warwickshire thief,

He's the chief,

For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief.

S O N G 327.—By Mr. GARRICK.

Sung by Mrs. BADDELEY.

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O*,
The first of all swains,
He gladden'd the plains;
None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
He melted each maid,
So skilful he play'd;
No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All

* SHAKESPEARE.

All Nature obey'd him, this sweet Willy O,
 Wherever he came,
 Whate'er had a name,
 Whenever he sung followed sweet Willy O.

He wou'd be a * soldier, the sweet Willy O,
 When arm'd in the field,
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd 'em when living, the sweet Willy O,
 And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twas Nature that sigh'd
 To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

* The Writer of Tragedy.

SONG 328. SANDY.

Sung by Mrs. BADDELEY, at VAUXHALL.

Set by Mr. POTTER.

THE last time I went to the fair,
 I met my faithful Sandy there;
 He left his mates and flew to me,
 And kiss'd my hand with merry glee:
 Then led me forth beneath the vale,
 (And gave me sweetmeats, cakes, and ale)
 Where all the village gaily spent
 The live-long night in merriment.

Not all the lads I daily see,
 With Sandy can compared be;
 He is the most accomplish'd youth,
 For virtue, innocence, and truth;
 His locks are as the raven black,
 In flowing ringlets down his back,
 With rosy cheeks, and face so neat,
 And coral lips, that kiss so sweet.

His

His cot is seated by a mill,
 Adjoining to a crystal rill:
 Upon whose verdant margin creep
 (So sweet to view) his flock of sheep,
 Next Easter-day, 'less ill betide,
 He's promis'd I shall be his bride:
 Among the swains, alas! how few,
 Like Sandy, are so kind and true!

S O N G 329.

Sung by Mrs. BURCHELL, at Vauxhall.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

HOW blithe was I each morn to see
 My swain come o'er the hill!
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
 I met him with good will:
 I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 When his flocks near me lay;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
 Where lott was my repose;
 I wish I was with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody:
 While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

Oh! the broom, &c.

The

He did oblige me ev'ry hour :
 Cou'd I but faithful be ?
 He stole my heart, Cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 Hard fate ! that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 Oh ! the broom, &c.

S O N G 330.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall.

Set by Dr. BOYCE.

HOW blest has my time been ! what days have I
 known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own !
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain,
 That freedom, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play ;
 How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me,
 And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft' times am I seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs of the green ;
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubt she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with compliance and smiles,
 And meets, &c.

What

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year thro':
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives her to mind what he steals from her youth;

And gives, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life you must find it at home,

To hold it, &c.

SONG 331.

Set by Dr. BOYCE.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies:
 Fill them higher, still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
 Sipping quenches all our fire
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ:
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

SONG 332. The GENEROUS DISTRESS.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

BLOW, ye bleak winds, around my head,
And sooth my heart-corroding care;
Flash round my brows, ye light'nings red,
And blast the laurels planted there:
But may the maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my distress nor me.

May all the traces of our love
Be ever blotted from her mind;
May from her breast my vows remove,
And no remembrance leave behind;
But may the maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my distress nor me.

O! may I ne'er behold her more,
For she has robb'd my soul of rest:
Wisdom's assistance is too poor
To calm the tempest in my breast:
But may the maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my distress nor me.

Come, death, O! come, thou friendly sleep.
And with my sorrows lay me low;
And, should the gentle virgin weep,
Nor sharp, nor lasting be her woe;
But may she think, where'er she be,
No more of my distress nor me.

SONG 333. The CHOICE.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

IF e'er I should learn the sweet lesson of love,
 Let these be the marks of the man I approve ;
 No pedant yet learn'd, nor rake-belly gay ;
 Nor laughing, because he has nothing to say.
 To all my sex still obliging and free,
 Yet never shew fondness to any but me ;
 In public preserve the decorum that's just,
 And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust.

But when the long hours of observance are past,
 And we sweetly retreat to a welcome repast,
 May ev'ry fond pleasure that moment endear,
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear :
 Forgetting and scorning the airs of a croud,
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
 Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be stedfastly fix'd,
 Let the friend and the lover be properly mix'd,
 In whose tender bosom my soul can confide,
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose council can
 guide :

From such a dear lover as here I describe,
 No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe,
 But till I can find so uncommon a swain,
 As I long have liv'd single, I'll single remain.

SONG 334.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. WORGAN.

YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart!
 For once attentive be a while
 To what I now impart:
 Would you obtain the youth you love,
 The precepts of a friend approve,
 And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed
 The bloom of eighteen years,
 And Isabel from school is freed,
 Then beauty's force appears;
 The youthful blood begins to flow,
 She hopes for man, and longs to know
 The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain his felt
 Within the lover's breast;
 And you by strange persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest;
 Be not too bold nor yet too coy,
 With prudence lure the happy boy,
 And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play,
 Assume a modest pride;
 And lest your tongue your mind betray,
 In fewer words confide:
 The maid who thinks to gain a mate
 By giddy chat, will find too late,
 That's not the way to keep him

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
 That bane to all the sex;
 Nor let the arts of dear spadille
 Your innocence perplex,
 Be always decent as a bride,
 By virtuous rules your reason guide;
 For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
 And both its blessings share,
 To make those joys for ever last,
 Of jealousy beware:
 His love with kind compliance meet,
 Let constancy the work complete,
 And you'll be sure to keep him.

S O N G 335. The BIRD.

Sung by Mr. RAWORTH, at Marybone-gardens.

Set by Mr. SNOW.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food,
 Returns impatient thro' the sky,
 To nurse the callow brood:
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms;
 And sickens for the darling boy,
 When absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,
 My faithful bosom fires;
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 The queen of my desires:

The pow'rs of verse too langu'd prove,
 All families are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain,

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
 For heav'n and joy divine:
 The faint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine:
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more;
 Convey my longing to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

SONG 336. CONTENT. CUNNINGHAM.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON. Set by Mr. GOODWIN jun.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and
 bare,
 As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home;
 Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres, her cottage had
 crown'd,
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
 Her casement sweet woodbine crept wantonly round,
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
 Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glances she
 cast,
 Love slyly stole into my breast,

I told

I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
 " I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
 " Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine."

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms;
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if on the banks, by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views;
 Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,
 And mark out new themes for my muse.
 To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire;
 The damsel's of humble descent:
 The cottager peace is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

S O N G 337.

RAKES OF MALLOW.

BEAUING, belling, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking window's, damning, sinking,
 Ever raking never thinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating bawds and whores and duns,
 Bacchus! true begotten sons,
 Lives the rakes of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
Then like politicians thinking,
To raise the sinking fund when sinking,
Live, &c.

One time flush of money store,
Then as any poet poor,
Kissing queans, and then a whore.
Live, &c.

When at home with dad-da dying,
Still for Mallow waters crying,
But when there's good claret plying,
Live, &c.

Living short but merry lives,
Going where the d——l drives,
Keeping misses but no wives,
Lives, &c.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all our days in
Raking thus at Mallow.

Thus to end a raking life,
We grow sober, take a wife,
Ever after live in strife,
With again for Mallow.

SONG 338. LANGOLLEE.

An Irish Song.

I.

MY name's Thady Carty, I don't care who knows it,
'Twas myself that was born in the town of Trallee,
The girls all love me, in spite of their noses,
And all for the sake of my Langollee:

My

My Langollee it is so engaging,
Both maids wives and widows it sets them a raging,
And I am right welcome wherever I be;
All for the sake of my Langollee.

II.

I'm an honest young fellow its very well known,
Sometimes I'm as merry as merry can be,
When I meet Callion O'Gue,* I call her my own,
And give her a touch of my Langollee.
My Langollee, there's not such another,
He is flat of one side, and three square of the other,
He is fit for the daughter as well as the mother,
It would do your heart good to taste Langollee.

III.

Then give me the girl that's moist in the palm,
'Tis she that would play upon Langollee,
For if she was never so proper and tall
She would bend to the tune of my Langollee,
Langollee, whillalloo radanum,
Bobbmarroon whack, away ralladum;
Sing aboo, aboo, aroo, fire away slanagan,
All my delight is in Langollee.

IV.

Let her be jolly plump hearty and gay,
Of a shahoorah turn, and free of all pride,
Both affable, courteous, and blooming as May;
Oh! its she that would give the true joys of a bride.

* A dear girl.

My

My Langollee, arrah, send for the parson,
 And if he says he'll be here, you may get father
 Carson,
 But if they both promise to come, sure's there's father
 Maoney:
 Oh! all my delight's in my Langollee.

V.

If you travel through Europe, and all the world round
 And then turn back to the town of Trallee,
 You'll ne'er get a spot like the Irish ground,
 So famous for playing at Langollee;
 Langollee here's to you, Dennis,
 Success to our friends in the sweet town of Innis,
 Arrah put it to your head, don't you see I'm in haste,
 For poor Bridget's awaiting for Langollee.

SONG 339. THE VICAR AND MOSES.

I.

AT the sign of the Horse, old Spintext of course,
 Each night took his pipe and his pot,
 O'er a jorum of nappy,
 Quite pleasant and happy, was plac'd this canonical sot,
 tol de rol de rol ti dol didol.

II.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due, and submission;
 First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
 And bowing preferr'd his petition.

III. I'm

III.

I'm come, Sir, says he, to beg, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
'To inter a poor baby with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

IV.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
Why lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay!
You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

V.

Then Moses he smil'd, says Sir a small child
Cannot long delay your intentions,
Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

VI.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor,
Come, Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a vicar.

VII.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible shower.
Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

VIII. Be-

VIII.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's
plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

IX.

Then Moses went on, Sir, the clock has struck one,
Pray master look up at the hand,
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man for to go, that can't stand.

X.

At length hat and cloak old orthodox took,
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid;
Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.

XI.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave,
Whilst the surplice was wrapp'd round the priest,
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

XII.

Good people let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
Or perchance I shall over it stumble,
'Tis best to take care, tho' the ages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble,

XIII.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the leaf's
torn,

Oh! man that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a flower,
You see Moses, death spareth no man.

XIV.

Here Moses do look what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,
Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't
That this Basket should print for the crown.

XV.

Prithee Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead,
(Amen, Amen.)
Why Moses you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

XVI.

O where's thy sting death! put the corpse in the earth,
For believe me 'tis terrible weather,
So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,
And away they both stagger'd together.
Singing tol derol, &c.

S O N G 340. BELIEVE MY SIGHS.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

I.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
 Believe the heart you've won;
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or Peggy I'm undone:
 You say I'm fickle, apt to change
 At every face that's new,
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you,
 I ne'er, &c.

II.

My heart was once a flake of ice,
 Till thaw'd by your bright eyes;
 Then warm'd and kindled in a trice,
 A flame that never dies:
 Then take and try me, and you'll find,
 A heart that's kind and true,
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.
 I ne'er, &c.

S O N G 341. The STORM, or Dangers of the Sea.

Sung by Mr. DODD.

CEASE rude Boreas blustering railer,
 Lift ye landsmen all to me,
 Messmates hear a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea;

From

From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

II.

Hark the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets, and haulyards stand,
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hands boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee-top sail-sheets, let go,
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

III.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms:
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Hark again the boatswain's call.

IV.

The top-sail yards point to the wind boys,
See all clear to reef each course,
Let the foresheet go, don't mind boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse,
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,
Hands up, each preventer, brace, set,
Man the foreyard, cheer, lads, cheer.

V.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peals on peals contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rain fall pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky;
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark, what means that dreadful cry.

VI.

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck,
 Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces,
 Come my hearts be stout and bold!
 Plumb the well; the leak increases,
 Four feet water's in the hold.

VII.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn;
 Alas from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas, to them there's no return:
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps, are choak'd below,
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
 For only that can save us now.

VIII.

On the lee beam is the land boys,
 Let the guns o'er board be thrown,
 To the pump come ev'ry hand boys;
 See our mizen mast is gone:

The

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The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rigg a jury fore-mast;
She rights, she rights, boys, ware off shore.

IX.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune sav'd our lives;
Come, the can boys, let's be drinking,
To our sweet-hearts and our wives,
Fill it up about ship wheel it,
Close to th' lips, a brimmer join;
Where's the tempest, now, who feels it,
None, our danger's drown'd in wine.

SONG 342.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

I.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee,
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy if thou die.
Thy beauty did such pleasure give,
Thy love so true to me,
Without thee I shall never live,
My deary if thou die.

II.

If fate should tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray !
 In dreary dreams the nights I'll waste,
 In sighs, the silent day :
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see ;
 Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
 My Peggy after thee.

III.

No new-blown beauty fires my breast
 With Cupid's raving rage,
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage ;
 'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
 Gave joy to life and me,
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

IV.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share,
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair ;
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me,
 Oh ! never rob them from those arms,
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

SONG

SONG 343. THE MAID OF FASHION.

I.

NOW pride usurps each female heart,
Now honest nature yields to art,
And prudence shews her selfish part
In e'ry maid of fashion,
No more the tend'rest passions move,
No more each bosom pants for love,
Such weakness now we never prove,
In any maid of fashion.

II.

One tyrant passion fills her breast,
Each softer sense by that suppress,
For pride has banish'd all the rest
From e'ry maid of fashion.

No tell-tale tongue will now reveal
What virtue need not blush to tell,
But jealous pride will still conceal
In e'ry maid of fashion.

III.

Decorum now, with prudish pace,
Of truth and innocence takes place,
Simplicity now turns her face
From ev'ry maid of fashion.
Bred up in affectation's school,
So very nice, so very cool,
Each word, each action, form'd by rule,
Completes the maid of fashion.

SONG

S O N G 344. The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

I.

SINCE artists who sue for the trophies of fame,
 Their wit, and their taste, and their genius proclaim,
 Attend to my song, where you'll certainly find,
 A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind,
 And deny it who can sure the laurel's my due,
 I've found out a padlock to keep the wife true,
 I've found out a padlock to keep the wife true.

II.

Shou'd the am'rous goddess preside o'er the dame,
 With the ardours of youth all her passions inflame,
 Shou'd her beauty lead captive each softer desire,
 And languishing lovers still sigh and admire,
 Yet fearless you'll trust her tho' thousands may sue,
 When I tell you a padlock to keep a wife true.

III.

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains,
 With his bars, and his bolts, his confinement and chains,
 How fatally weak must this artifice prove,
 Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love,
 Throw jealousy hence! bid suspicion adieu,
 Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

IV.

IV.

Shou'd her fancy invite to the park or the play,
 All complying and kind you must give her her way,
 While her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,
 'Tis reason secures you the treasures of love,
 And believe me no coxcomb admission can find,
 For the fair one is safe if you padlock her mind,

V.

Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend,
 Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend,
 Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,
 'Tis the charm of indulgence that binds the soft sex,
 They ne'er can prove false whilst this maxim's in view,
 Good humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

SONG 345. PATTY, to her Singing BIRD.

By J. ALCOCK, Junr. M. B.

I.

O Thou, that glad'st my lonesome hours
 With many a warbled song,
 When melancholy round me low'rs,
 And drives her sullen storms along!
 Sweet soother of my misery say,
 Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing,
 Why dost thou pour that artless lay,
 How canst thou, little prisoner, sing?

II.

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
 And to the woes of bondage blind,
 Thou never long'st to join thy mate,
 Nor wishest to be unconfin'd.

But

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But why for thee this fond complaint ;
 Above thy mistress thou art blest :
 Art thou not free? yes, calm content
 With olive scepter sways thy breast.

III.

Nor shall the fiend, fell famine, dare
 Thy wiry tenement assail ;
 These, these shall be my constant care,
 The limpid fount, and temperate meal ;
 From drear oblivion's gloomy cave
 The powerful muse shall wrest thy name,
 And bid thee live beyond the grave,
 This lay she knows thy merits claim.

S O N G 346.

By Mr. GAY.

Sung in the Comic Tragic Pastoral Farce of WHAT
 D'YE CALL IT.

I.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd ;
 Wide over the rolling billows
 She cast a wishful look,
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

II.

II.

Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days,
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest;
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast.

III.

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

IV.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain,
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes the rocks discover
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

V.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear,

When

When o'er the white waves slooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd,
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and dy'd.

SONG 347. THE DEBTORS WELCOME TO
THEIR BROTHER.

I.

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, or setter,
Dare to shew their frightful face;
But, kind sir, as you're a stranger,
Down your garnish you must lay,
Or your coat will be in danger,
You must either strip or pay.

I.

Ne'er repine at your confinement,
From your children or your wife,
Wisdom lies in true refinement,
Through the various scenes of life,
Scorn to shew the least resentment,
Though beneath the frowns of fate,
Knaves and beggars find contentment,
Fears and cares attend the great.

III.

Though our creditors are spiteful,
And restrain our bodies here,
Use will make a gaol delightful,
Since there's nothing else to fear.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry island's but a prison
Strongly guarded by the sea,
Kings and princes, for that reason,
Prisoners are as well as we.

IV.

What was it made great Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate?
'Twas because he could not wander,
Beyond the world's strong prison gate,
For the world is also bounded,
By the heavens and stars above,
Why should we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but love

SONG 348. JEMMY and NANNY.

Sung by Mr. ARNE, at Ranelagh, and Master BROWNE,
at Marybone-gardens. Set by Dr. ARNE.

I.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did
crown,
Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
E'er Nanny become a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving and bonny was she,
Rouze up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,
Let no new whim take thy fancy from me,
Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
Favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy,
Favour thy Jemmy who deats upon thee.

II.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen,
 Can losing of trifles a heart aching be,
 Can lap dogs and monkies draw tears from those
 e'en,
 That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?
 Rouze up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,
 Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me,
 Oh! as thou art bonny be faithful as any,
 Think on thy Jemmy, think on thy Jemmy,
 Think on thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

III.

O think, my dear charmer, on ev'ry sweet hour
 That slid away softly between thee and me,
 E'er squirrels and beaux and their fop'ry had pow'r,
 To rival my love and impose upon thee,
 Rouze up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,
 Let thy desires be all center'd in me,
 Oh! as thou art bonny be prudent as any,
 Love thy own Jemmy, love thy own Jemmy,
 Love thy own Jemmy who doats upon thee.

S O N G. 349. ARABELLA, or the SISTERS.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall,

I.

YOUNG Arabella mamma's care,
 And ripe to be a bride,
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
 But beauty mix'd with pride,
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
 But beauty mix'd with pride.

But

But still to blast that happiness,
Her pride each lover cool'd,
The number of her slaves was less,
And less the tyrant rul'd,
And less the tyrant rul'd.

II.

Her sister Charlotte, tho' not blest
With beauty's potent spell,
The virtues of the mind possess,
And bore away the bell;
Knights, earls, and dukes, like summer flies,
Around the maiden flew,
They press'd to tell ten thousand lies,
As men are apt to do.

Poor Arabella, vex'd to find,
Her sister made a wife,
Pretends to rail at all mankind,
And praise a single Life.

III.

Fond Celadon address the fair,
Resolv'd no time to lose,
A youth with such a shape and air,
What female cou'd refuse
Like all the rest he own'd his flame,
His artless flame alone,
The blushing maid confess the same,
The priest soon made them one.

Ye virgins Charlotte's plan pursue,
Shun Arabella's fate,
Accept the man that's worthy you,
Before it is too late.

SONG 350. GROGG is the liquor of LIFE.

The Words by Mr. GREEN.

I.

YE jolly true blues of the main,
Well skilled in heaving the log,
Attend to a sailor's rough strain,
Who sings of your favourite grog,
For grog is the liquor of life,
The delight of each true British tar,
It banishes sorrow and strife,
And softens the hardships of war,
It banishes sorrow and strife,
And softens the hardships of war.

II.

Brave Vernon, to Britons still dear,
O! long may'st thou live tho' incog'
'Twas some deity whisper'd thine ear,
And hinted the health giving grog.

For grog is the, &c.

III.

His vineyards the monsieur may boast,
And delight in the soup of a frog,
But too soon he shall find to his cost,
That claret must yield to good grog.

For grog is the, &c.

IV.

Each Saturday night that revolves,
My messmate he gives me a jog,
To the wife or the sweetheart he loves,
He takes off a can of good grog,
For grog is the, &c.

V.

If love should as whilom descend,
Of some female mortal a gog,
His Nectar he surely would mend,
By mixing his liquor with grog.
For grog is the, &c.

VI.

I heard an Hibernian declare,
By Saint Patrick, tho' born in a bog,
That while he could see with an ear,
No wine he would drink except grog.
For grog is the, &c.

VII.

No danger our hearts can dismay,
No terror we feel from a flog,
For what is a dozen a day,
To a double allowance of grog.
For grog is the, &c.

VIII.

Now war is declar'd let's advance,
May the flincher be hang'd like a dog,
Who yields to proud Spain or vain France,
Is a stranger to freedom and grog.
For grog is the, &c.

S O N G 351. A SOLDIERS SONG.

For two VOICES.

I.

HOW stands the glaſs around,
For ſhame you take no care boys,
How ſtands the glaſs around,
Let mirth and wine abound,
The trumpets ſound,
The colours they are flying boys,
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we ſtill be found,
Content with our hard fate my boys,
On the cold ground.

II.

Why, ſoldiers, why,
Shou'd we be melancholy, boys,
Why, ſoldiers, why,
Whoſe buſineſs 'tis to die!
What ſighing, ſie?
Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
'Tis he, you or I!
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly.

III.

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,
'Tis but in vain,
For ſoldiers to complain,
Shou'd next campaign,

Send

Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

S O N G 352. AS NOW MY BLOOM.

Sung by Miss JAMESON, at Vauxhall.

I.

AS now my bloom comes on a-pace,
The swains begin to tease me,
But two who claim the foremost place,
Try different ways to please me;
To judge aright and chuse the best,
Is not so soon decided,
When both their merits are express'd,
I may be less divided.

II.

Palæmon's flocks unnumber'd stray,
He's rich beyond all measure,
Wou'd I but smile, be kind and gay,
He'd give me all his treasure;
But then our years so disagree,
So much as I remember,
It is but May I'm sure with me,
With him it is December.

III.

Can I who scarcely am in bloom,
Let frost and snow be suing,
'Twould spoil each rip'ning joy to come,
Bring ev'ry charm to ruin.

For dress and shew to touch my pride,
My little heart is panting,
But then there's something else beside,
I soon should find was wanting.

IV.

Then Colin thou my choice shalt gain,
For thou wilt ne'er deceive me,
And grey hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,
For thou hast more to give me :
My fancy paints thee full of charms,
Thy looks so young and tender :
Love beats his new and fond alarms,
To thee I now surrender.

SONG 353. A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

The Words by G. A. STEVENS.

Set to Music by Mr. BATES.

I.

ARIADNE one morning to Theseus was turning,
When missing her man to the beach down she flew,
Her cries unavailing, she saw far off sailing,
His ship 'fore the wind less'ning swift to her view,
She tore her fine hair, beat her breast in despair,
Spread her arms to the skies and sunk down in a swoon,
When Bacchus, 'midst æther, begg'd leave of his father
To comfort the lady, Jove granted his boon.

II. Then

II.

Then gently descending, her sorrows befriending,
 His Thyrsus he struck 'gainst the big-belly'd earth,
 When o'er the smooth gravel, in murmuring travel,
 A spring of champaign at her head bubbld forth;
 She wak'd with the scent, yet knew not what it meant,
 But, resolving to drink, quite exhaust'd with tears,
 She tastes the champaign, licks her lips, drinks again,
 And feels herself suddenly freed from her fears.

III.

On this she kept thinking, on that she kept drinking,
 And look'd upon The' as a pitiful elf;
 She began to resume, Sir, her grief-smother'd bloom,
 Sir,
 And sociable wish'd not to drink by herself;
 The god, her adorer, confess'd, stood before her;
 She hail'd the celestial, she welcom'd the guest;
 To resist 'tis in vain, the force of champaign,
 She cry'd, as she clasp'd the young buck to her breast.

IV.

Each girl given over, betray'd by her lover,
 Her minerals, her hartshorn and salts may throw by,
 Champaign's the elixir will properly fix her,
 If properly she'll the prescription apply:
 Spaw, Tunbridge and Bath, are specifics in faith,
 For megrim, hypp, vapour, and spleen-fancy'd pain;
 But can they produce such a care-curing juice,
 Or all their flasks equal one flask of champaign?

SONG

SONG 354. The LAUGHING BACCHANALIAN.

I.

AS the mind is disturb'd, or the heart is at ease,
How diff'rent how diff'rent the taste of the vine,
Let grave ones then learnedly say what they please,
'Tis laughing, 'tis laughing, 'tis laughing,
That gives the best flavour to wine.

II.

Let age give its pity and call me an ass,
In return I as freely give mine,
A thirst shall succeed, and enliven each glass,
And I'll laugh like a child whilst I'm drinking my
wine.

III.

Let wisdom for ever quote Latin and Greek,
And to books all their knowledge confine,
If claret can't make me more flowingly speak,
I'll laugh like a fool while I'm drinking my wine.

IV.

The miser may think himself blest with his store,
At what have I cause to repine,
I've a bottle and friend, what can mortal wish more,
And I'll laugh at his dross, while I'm drinking my
wine.

V.

The lover may sigh for the loss of his heart,
'Tis this that has free preserv'd mine,
Let him sobbing complain of love's bow and his dart,
I'll laugh at such stuff, while I'm drinking my wine.

VI.

Cou'd a butt of ambrosia be imported here,
Tho' so much esteem'd by the nine,
To a snarling dull cynic twou'd taste like dead beer,
While laughing makes nectar of humble port wine.

TOASTS,



TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, HOB NOBS, &c.

MANY OF THEM NEW,

Compiled and written for this WORK.

CONSTANCY in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Health in freedom. and content in bondage.

Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.

May the single be marry'd, and the marry'd be happy.

Success to the falling woman, and the standing man.

The magic ring.

May our joy and vigour be united, and both be extensive.

May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the heart.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.

The pleasures of imagination realiz'd.

Hans Carvell's ring.

The mother of all souls.

May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.

Days

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.

The female reaper, that never leaves a handful standing.

The venison feast, four haunches well spitted.

Honour and influence to the public-spirited patrons of trade.

May power ever continue in the friends of England.

The beggar's blessing.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

The fairest in Middlesex, and the middle of the fair sex.

The thatch'd house under the hill.

Life, love and liberty.

May we never want vigour when we come to a shift.

Money to him that has spirit to use it, and life to him that has courage to lose it.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

Extreme unction in dying virginity.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.

All our wants and wishes.

Kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

Equal joy in a critical minute.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,

Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of England.

May the true lovers of liberty in England be for ever united in affection, as they are in interest.

May

May he who has neither wife, mistress, or estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.

Disappointment to those who barter the cause of their country for ostentation or sordid gain.

May we always be attached to those who preserve in generous endeavours to promote the welfare of their country.

The steady friends of Britain.

Disappointment to those who form expectations of places and pensions on the ruin of their country.

May all those who for sordid interest endeavour to betray their country, meet the fate of Judas.

May the enemies of Britain never eat the bread thereof, or, if they do, be choaked with the first bit.

A speedy export to all the enemies of England without a draw back.

May we never want spirit and resolution to defend our independency against the attacks of ambition.

May we always detest the malice of those, who attempt to disunite the interest of our king and country, which are ever inseparable.

The honest patriot and unbiass'd Briton.

May we always be able to distinguish those, who, by a steady and uniform adherence to their duty, distinguish themselves.

May our endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.

May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

May our conscience be sound, tho' our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue,

Frugality without meanness.

May we be rich in friends, rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship also want friends.

May our distinguishing mark be merit, rather than money.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May we, as christians, be zealous without uncharitableness; as subjects, loyal without servility; and as citizens free without faction.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth deserve it by their lives.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, or a credulous girl out of her virtue.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

Community, unity, navigation, and trade,

More friends and less need of them.

May the man we love be honest, and the land we live in free.

May we always have a friend and know his value.

May

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.
 The two strangers at c—t. (Honour and Honesty.)
 The agreeable rubs of life.
 The magical monosyllable.
 Sweet Briars.
 The road to a christening.
 May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give
 him.
 A head to earn, and a heart to spend.
 The two friends who weep at meeting.
 The key that lets the man in and the maid out.
 The bird in hand, and then in the bush.
 Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.
 The harvest of life, love, wit, and good humour.
 The friend we love, and the woman we dare trust.
 Provision to the unprovided.
 May we have in our arms whom we love in our
 hearts.
 The pleasure of pleasing.
 The first game ever play'd at.
 The nice house-maid.
 The pleasure we enjoy face to face.
 Up with the linen, down with the claret.
 Breast work.
 May they never want, who have spirit to spend.
 BUCKINGER's boot. (Who had neither legs or arms.)
 What charms, arms, and disarms.
 May we please and be pleased.
 The female œconomist.

The union of two fond friends.
 A woman's small and large beauties.
 Ligonier's livery.
 All true hearts and sound bottoms.
 Love for love.
 Love, fire, and frolic.
 Your love for mine, and our's for that of the company
 Love and opportunity.
 Gaiety and innocence.
 Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.
 Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.
 Health, joy, and mutual love.
 Love without fear,
 And life without care.
 Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.
 All that gives you pleasure.
 Health, love, and ready rino,
 To all that you and I know.
 May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.
 May our representatives strenuously defend what they
 have wisely resolved.
 Union, stability, and fidelity among the sons of liberty.
 Liberty, property, and no excise.
 May all true hearts never want a shilling and a good
 bedfellow.
 May all honest souls find a friend in need.
 Good luck till we are tired of it.

A cob-

A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard trotting horse, and a long journey, to the enemies of Great Britain.

May the wings of extravagancy be clipt by the shears of œconomy.

Confusion to those, who, wearing the mask of patriotism, pull it off, and desert the cause of liberty in the day of trial.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

The steady friends of Britain.

Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

May the friends of England ever have access to the throne.

That freemen may never more be considered as property to be led to market.

May our representatives, like Free-masons, be elected by ballot.

The losing gamesters.

May he that made the d—I take us all.

Horses strong, foxes plenty; men stout, and women healthy.

All that love can give or sensibility enjoy.

May we never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

Always provided nevertheless.

May nothing ever ail us or fail us.

May the honest heart never know distress.

The ladies—standing.

May we never know sorrow but by the name.

Peace

Peace and plenty.
 May he that turns his back on his friend fall into the
 hands of his enemy.
 The mouth that never had the tooth-ach.
 The bafon that lathers two beards.

Conclusions to those who wear the mask of politeness.
 Put it off, and defeat the ends of liberty in the
 hands of the
 May you and your friends
 The history of the
 leads to you a hand, and hints to keep it
 May the friends of England ever have access to the

That freedom may never more be considered as property
 to be sold to another
 May you representatives, that first mandate, be elected
 by ballot
 The long game.

May he that made the law be made
 Henceforth, for S I N I S and women



